

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How do ye do, young folks? Gather close, my dears, and we'll discuss things in general:

WILD TURKEYS AND PECAN NUTS.

IT'S the greatest wonder to me that the wild turkeys down in Texas don't choke to death every day of their lives. No, I don't mean exactly that; but my children will understand me when I tell them what the creatures live on. A knowing bird from that part of the world told me all about it.

All through the grazing lands of Texas, it appears, the wild turkeys congregate in great numbers. They go to their roost in single file, hundreds of them on foot, or, if flying, on a sort of hop, skip and jump, touching the ground and running a step or two every minute. They live altogether on pecan nuts, and swallow them whole at that. You'd think this would kill them; but, no, it makes them fat and flourishing. These pecan trees, low and spreading, are something like our Northern oaks, but they are not half so large.

Unfortunately for the poor turkeys, the pecan nuts make their flesh very sweet and tender, and so the sportsmen are soon after them, tracking them to their roosting grounds, where they shoot them without mercy.

I don't like sportsmen. Give me the Bird-defenders.

MAD WOLVES.

TALKING of Texas, did you ever hear about the wolves they have there? They are ugly-looking fellows, but do not attack people unless provoked. They go mad more commonly than dogs do, and in that state will give other animals hydrophobia. I heard some army officers say that once when they were stationed in Texas, a mad wolf got into their encampment and bit six of their dogs. Poor dogs! There were twenty-four of them at that time in the encampment, but for safety sake, they were, every one of them, shot the next morning.

LOFTY LANGUAGE.

YOU should have heard the children laugh! They were all going to the brook for cresses, and little Maggie Palmer was telling them about a negro man that her mother had engaged during

house-cleaning time. It appears he had once been a servant to a learned professor, and so had picked up any number of big words.

"Oh, girls!" said Maggie, "you just ought to have heard him! When mamma proposed to him to yellow-wash the kitchen walls, he stood up just like a dandy and said:

"Miss Palmer, marm, if you'll allow me to speak differentially about dis matter, white-wash would be appropriater, as discoloration of smoke and multifarious kitching gases is more conspicuous on yellow-wash, marm.' And when mamma asked him what he would charge for white-washing the hall ceiling, he made *such* a bow, and said:

"Can't say circumstantually, marm. The altitude of my charge, marm, will depend on the elevation of the walls."

OVER SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

IT was such an old, old newspaper!—all creased and torn and yellow, and yet the minister, as he unfolded it, handled it as though it were precious gold. He had finished his Sunday sermon, and was walking home from the meeting-house with his wife across lots. They came close by me, and stood still to look at the paper, talking about its being such a treasure, and how Sally should have it and take care of it after they were gone, and reading over the name and the date just as if it was a verse of poetry—*Washington Federalist, Monday, May 24th, 1802*. They were not young folk; but as nobody except me was around, he put his arm about her neck while she read one of its notices:

DIED.—At Mount Vernon, on Saturday evening last, MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON, widow of the late illustrious GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To those amiable and christian virtues which adorn the female character she added dignity of manners, superiority of understanding, a mind intelligent and elevated.

The silence of respectful grief is our best eulogy.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

I AM always glad when the pretty little school-teacher walks down to our meadow with her girls, for there's a shady mound close by where they often sit and rest, and then she is pretty sure to tell them something worth hearing. Here is the substance of a little speech she made the other day, when a quick-eyed little maid asked her what people meant when they called a lady a blue-stocking:

"About one hundred years ago," said the teacher, "one Mrs. Montague, who lived in London, introduced the fashion of 'conversation parties,' where ladies and gentlemen could meet and have pleasant and profitable chats. At that time card-playing was very fashionable, and cards were almost the only things talked of at parties; but sensible ladies were pleased with Mrs. Montague's new fashion of talking about books and art, instead of clubs and spades. Learned gentlemen, too, flocked to her parties. Johnson, the great author, was often present, and when he began to talk, the company would gather around him, four and five deep, drinking in every word he said.

"Among the gentlemen who came to these nice parties, there was a Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, who wore blue stockings, and so some of the small

wits of the day nicknamed the parties 'blue-stocking clubs.' Other small wits and critics took up the funny term, and soon the journals were full of long articles about 'blue-stocking clubs.' Many believed that the ladies who attended them wore blue stockings. After awhile, every lady who devoted a considerable portion of her time to reading was nicknamed 'a blue-stocking.' The silly term has come down to our day, and foolish people who want to be witty, even now sometimes call a well-educated lady 'a blue-stocking.' But, you see," said the teacher, smiling, "it is the gentlemen who ought to bear the name, if it is used at all, since a gentleman was the original 'blue-stocking.'"

GERMAN EMIGRANTS.

TWENTY thousand of them came over to America during four months of the year 1873—little yellowish fellows, with nimble legs, good voices and brave hearts.

To settle in the West?

Bless you, my dears! no; to settle on perches; to live in cages, and fill home-walls with music.

Their ancestors came from the Canary Isles, but they were born and bred in the Hartz Mountains of Germany, and brought over here in little bits of cages almost by the shipload. Be kind to them, my children.

ATTENTION, COMPANY!



Now, this is n't going to be a general drill, nor a Fourth-of-July oration. It is just Jack's salute to the noble army of Bird-defenders lately started by ST. NICHOLAS, and now fast growing to be a thousand strong. All honor to the organization, says Jack, and a long life of usefulness to it!

TREES UNDER THE SEA.

I HARDLY know what to make of this. Lately I heard some travelers talking about having sailed in a boat over a forest of tall trees—some standing, some fallen, and all bare and dead. Yes, there they are, trunks and branches complete, away down under the waves, and so they are called submarine forests, *marine* standing for sea, and *sub* for under.

Where are these wonderful forests?

Why, pretty far away, I must admit; just off the coasts of France and England, the travelers said,—though I remember they did speak of one in the Bay of Fundy, if you know where that is.

At certain points, when the tides are very low off the English coast, and the water is very clear, the people sometimes go out in boats to look down under the water at the poor dead trees. And sometimes they see among the fallen branches the antlers of dead deer, and sometimes the fishermen hook up elephants' teeth.

How did the trees get under the water, or the

water over the trees,—do you ask, my dears? Ah! knowledge is a wonderful thing. The travelers did n't explain the matter at all. Make haste to learn and tell me all about it.

A WORD FOR HORSES.

YOUNG gentlemen! Fourth of July is coming, and the American face of nature will soon be hardly more than one immense pack of fire-crackers lighted at all corners. So far, so good. It can't be helped, I suppose. But I want to put in a word for the animals, especially for the poor horses. Birds can fly up in the air out of reach, and dogs can slip into quiet corners, tails down, as they do, poor things! but horses often are hitched to wagons, and what not, and can't easily get out of the way. Now gunpowder, with its flash and its bang, is a trial to them. They're afraid of it. It makes them quiver and tremble from head to foot, and if they don't run away from it, dashing their harness and wagons to pieces, it's because they're principled against giving way to their fears. Remember this, my boys: For once, you have the stronger animal at a disadvantage. Be manly, if you *are* free and independent.

A BIRD THAT CAN'T FLY.

WHAT should you think of a bird that could not fly? All the birds that I know can fly, even the hens, though they are rather clumsy about it; but I am told there are some that cannot. The Auks, belonging to a not very graceful family called *Alca* (or *Alcida*), have such very short wings that they are of no sort of use to fly with. Their legs, too, are so short, and set so far back, that the poor things can hardly walk.

Then how do they get about and find their food? It was a good-natured Irish sailor who was talking about it, and he said that "all their walkin' was done by swimmin'." Their broad, webbed feet make the best of oars, while even their short stumps of wings are useful as paddles, and as our nautical Irishman said, "they get over the ground by swimmin', which is the best way for them, seein' the ground where they live is mostly wather."

PATENT BUBBLES.

I HEAR that ST. NICHOLAS is advertising a patented thing, warranted to blow a hundred soap-bubbles. *Warranted* to blow them,—think of that, my children! as if the great charm of blowing bubbles were not the uncertainty of getting any at all! It makes me furious to think of the effect such a tool as this would have upon one's character.

Likely as not, these new-fangled bubbles, so blown, are warranted not to burst. Pah! think of it, ye youngsters who have made the real ones—the floating, picture-y, beautiful things that go out in a diamond twinkle while you are looking at them. Now, I'll wager that these hundred bubbles of Mr. What-you-call-'im go rolling about the house until they are dusty. May be the children hurt themselves sometimes by stubbing their toes against them, and papa scolds the servants for allowing such dangerous things to lie around. Bubbles, indeed! If any of them come bumping against Jack, one of us will burst—see if we don't.

THE LETTER BOX.

HENRY B. C., who must have swallowed an encyclopædia in his infancy, wishes us to tell the boys and girls that "The glorious Fourth" is n't the only historical thing July has to boast of. England and Scotland, he says, were united on July 20, 1706; and the terrible French Bastille was destroyed on July 14, 1789. Besides these, he instances: Painting in oil colors invented by John Van Eyck, July, 1410; first newspaper published in England, July 28th, 1588; destruction of Spanish Armada, July 27th, 1588; battle of Boyne, in which William the Third conquered James the Second, July 1st, 1690; Braddock's defeat, July 9th, 1755; battle of Ticonderoga, July 8th, 1758; Revolution in Paris, July 3d, 1789; Union Act of Ireland, July 2d, 1800; Atlantic telegraph completed, July, 1866; Venice free, July, 1866. Moreover, he tells us that Archbishop Cranmer was born in July, 1489; Mary de Medicis and John Calvin in July, 1509; and among his long list of other July babies, we have Blackstone, the great legal authority, 1723; Klopstock, the eminent German poet, 1724; Mrs. Siddons, the famous tragedienne, and Flaxman, the painter, 1755—not to mention the father and the grandfathers of Henry B. C. himself!

A LITTLE SYRACUSE GIRL, eight years old, "has a way" of making verses, her mamma says, and the mamma writes them down for her. We are not fond of encouraging such literary ways in our little folk, but may be the robins would feel hurt if we refused to show the children her latest verses. So here they are:

THE ROBIN.

One day in early spring,
I heard a robin sing:
"Tweet! Tweet! Tweet! Chippetty doodle dee!"
And I thought how sweet it sounded,
As the cheery chirp resounded
Over hill and dell and tree,
"Tweetle dee!"

But a snow-storm later fell
Over hill and tree and dell,
And the robin (pretty robin!) flew away from me.
But when summer comes, and heat,
I shall hear his song so sweet:
"Tweet! Tweet! Chippetty doodle dee!"
Tweetle dee!"

SUSIE.—The best thing that could happen to you would be just what you so dread,—“to be taken to China.” You might get used then to what you call “the dreadful slits of eyes that the Chinese have, and those disgusting chop-sticks.” In the very next sentence of your letter you say you never saw any chop-sticks. Then how do you know they are disgusting? They are not just like big drum-sticks, as you imagine, but are little things about eight inches long, resembling a common pen-holder, and are made of bamboo or ivory. They come in pairs, and when in use are both held in the right hand, between the thumb and forefinger. Mrs. Nevins, a missionary's wife, who has written about China, says that the Chinese find as much difficulty in using knives and forks as we do in using chop-sticks. They can take up objects so small that they would fall between the tines of a fork, and they consider them much more suitable and convenient than any implement we use in eating. To their view, the use of chop-sticks is an evidence of superior culture; and they insist that the use of such barbarous instruments as knives and forks, and cutting or tearing the meat from the bones on the table, instead of having the food properly prepared in the kitchen, are evidences of a lower order of civilization.

We'll hope, Susie, that as you grow more charitable, some little Chinese girl will become charitable also, and feel willing to let us use our disgusting knives and forks a little while longer.

NED.—Your “Hidden Rivers” are too simple for the Riddle Box.

JOHN PERINE C. writes: “I was so much interested in Gertrude's letter about the clavichord and the origin of the name of piano-forte, that I think perhaps some of the boys and girls may like to be told something that I have since found out: The clavichord, like the

piano, is played by means of keys, that strike the chords; and the name is derived from the Latin—*clavis*, a key, and *chorda*, a string.”

ERNEST O. F.—We think “Seven Historic Ages,” by Arthur Gilman (published by Hurd & Houghton), will give you just the information you need. It is a very small book, and is invaluable for all young students, especially for those who, like yourself, are “forced to study how and when you can, and always under difficulties.” It will form a firm framework on which you may weave every shred of history that you are able to pick up.

New York, April 21st, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have something to tell that, I think, would interest your readers, which is the reason why I write.

I am employed in an office down here, in Wall street, where I am very often left alone; and sitting here, about two months ago, I noticed a little mouse come out of the lower cupboard of my desk and pick up a crumb and then run back with the crumb in his mouth. As soon as all the clerks had left, I opened the door, and there were four young mice and one old one, all rolled in a heap in an old map. I have fed them every day at just 12 o'clock since, and at 12 all five mice come out and run around my feet, and I can take them up in my hands and they will not run.

Is there not a flower called the *Victoria Regia*, and is it not larger than the *Rafflesia Arnoldia* mentioned in your May Letter Box?

I also want to join the “Bird army,” as well as my brother and sister, whose names are Wally and Josie Stallknecht.

We all enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much, especially “Jack-in-the-Pulpit.” His speaking of heliotropes reminds me of a mignonette I saw in a florist's window. The bunch of flowers was nine inches long, and very fragrant; that is the largest mignonette I ever saw.—With many wishes of success, I remain, yours affectionately,
H. SEDGWICK STALLKNECHT.

Yes, there is a very large flower called *Victoria Regia*, found in Guiana and Brazil. But while its leaves measure from three to six feet across, the flower itself does not equal in size the *Rafflesia Arnoldia*, which we may, therefore, safely name “the biggest flower in the world.”

Utica, N. Y., May 4th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much indeed, and, though I know you are burdened with a great many letters, I thought I would write you to tell my experience in boatbuilding. I have made a pleasure boat, something like one described in the August number of *Our Young Folks*, in 1872. I did not follow that exactly, as I did not want so large a boat, but I got my ideal from that. Any boy of fourteen, who has a knack at carpentering, can make one easily, and with very little expense.

Mine cost me just about ten dollars, boards, paint, iron, and all. If the boys have nothing much to do this summer vacation, I advise them to start a boat, that is if they live anywhere near a pond or river. They can sell it in the end, and make quite a little sum by it. I have had several offers for mine already, and intend to sell it and commence another this summer.—Truly yours,

A YOUNG BOATBUILDER.

THE BIRD-DEFENDERS.—Surely the birds will sing a gladder song this summer than ever before! Scores of boys and girls have joined Mr. Haskins' army,* pledging themselves not to harm or molest birds in any way, and still the names come pouring in. If we could give the notes sent by the young recruits, they would show how heartily in earnest the children are in this movement; but the Letter Box would not hold a tenth part of them. After giving one or two short notes, we must be content, therefore, with printing the new names.

Wilmington, Del., April 22, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell Robbie Prather, through you, to please add my name to his list of Bird-defenders.

EDDIE H. ECKEL.

Canton, Stark Co., Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have seen that pledge in the May number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and we want to sign our names right away, and join Mr. Haskins' army of Bird-defenders; and we will

* For information in regard to Mr. Haskins' army, see December No. of ST. NICHOLAS, page 72, and Letter Box of Nos. 6, 7 and 8.

try and see how large a list of names we can get from this town.—
Truly yours,
(Signed)

Mary Morris, Katie Bachert, Lizzie Hill, J. M. Sholtz, Cora Walcutt, Eva Ingram, Clara Palmer, Susie Kugler, Gracie Ballard, Elta Essig, C. W. Chapman, Ella S. Flohr, Lizzie C. Foreman, Annie M. Foreman, Mellic K. Frederick, Flora B. Becher, Edwin Smith, Orpha Stanley, Lettie C. Ingram, Katie Hayhurst, Maggie J. Becher, Nettie Skelton, Ernest Bachert, Willie Bachert, Harry Hill, Fannie Bachert, W. G. Owen, Anna Robinson, Mary P. Morris, Sallie Robinson.

Here comes a Brattleboro' girl with her list:

Brattleboro', Vt., April 30th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have obtained the enclosed sixty signatures to the pledge about killing birds, printed in the May number of ST. NICHOLAS.—Yours respectfully,
LIZZIE F. SCHUSTER.

BOYS.—Theodore Kirkland, Fred. Stevens, Walter Walker, Harry Miller, Gussie Gautert, Harry Wright, Freddie Howe, Neddie Hadley, Willie Ahers, Jonnie Drown, Eddie Atherton, Louis Horner, Harry Knight, Willie Devine, Willie Nash, Fred Hastings, Martie Austin, Hollie Reed, Jimmie Moran, Eddie Curtis.

GIRLS.—Merab Kellogg, Emma Fay, Nellie Goodrich, Mary Brown, Ann E. Brown, A. S. Higginson, L. S. Higginson, S. M. Bradley, J. P. Miles, Katharine Miles, E. B. Howland, S. C. Wells, M. E. Wells, May S. Cutts, Mamie Howard, Lizzie F. Schuster, Lillie Brooks, Alice Brooks, Annie Wyman, Emma Houghton, Emily Bradley.

BOYS AND MEN.—W. C. Bradley, J. D. Bradley, R. C. Bradley, C. F. Schuster.

MEMBERS OF CHACE STREET SCHOOL, BRATTLEBORO', VT.—Lina Holbrook, Ida Curtis, Addie Foster, Emma Dickinson, Lillie Ketting, Frederika Horner, Esther Thomas, Lucy Atherton, Minnie Baker, Mamie Howe, Emma Horner, Belle Smith, Hattie Alden, Fannie Guild, Katie Austin, Belle Guild, Louise Denison, Annie Buggel, Nettie J. Knight, Teacher.

META GAGE, of the Sandwich Islands, writes: "I will join the army of Bird-defenders with heart and hand." And the same post brings the names of nineteen more boys and girls, who pledge themselves as Bird-defenders: Edward Seaman, Long Island; Hattie, El Alford, of New York; Edith K. Harris and Mary A. Harris, of Grosse Isle, Michigan; Frank A. Taber, Poughkeepsie; John Fremont, Green, Minn.; Laura A. Freeman, Tadmor, Ohio; Roy Wright, Henry L. Morris, A. L. Williams, Edith Carpenter, Fanny Burton, Annie C. Pearson, Jeanie S. Pearson, Nellie E. Lucas, Minna Käsehagen, H. Sedgwick Stallknecht, and his brother and sister, Wally and Josie Stallknecht.

ANSWER TO CHARL'S EXAMPLE IN JUNE LETTER BOX.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
P R O F I T A B L E .

ROBBIE HADDOW.—We are glad you are so much interested in Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Jack is full of fun; but he is careful, when he offers information, to give it correctly. You need never be afraid to "accept his facts."

"EXCELSIOR."—We are glad you are "going to study German, so as to translate the German stories in ST. NICHOLAS," but we cannot tell you how long it will take you "to be able to join in the fun." Study hard for five months, and then, probably, you'll be able to tell us. We shall be much pleased to see your first translation.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "I must write a letter to the ST. NICHOLAS." I said to mamma the other day, "and say how much I like the stories in it." Mamma said I might, so here is the letter.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS, you cannot think how glad I am when, every month, the postman brings you to me. I think I like "Nimpo's Troubles" best of all the stories.

I am eight and a-half years old, and I go to school. Every Friday we speak pieces, and last week I spoke the piece about "Sweet-heart's Valentine."

I sometimes write little rhymes, and as mamma likes this best of them all, I send it to you. I wrote it a few days ago.

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming, little children; Spring has come with fairy foot-steps;

And hyacinths and crocuses are springing all around.

The warm, bright sun is shining,

And green grass-blades entwining,

And the snow is gone, and melted is the hard and frozen ground.

Do you know, dear little children, who has sent the joyous Spring-tide,

And the flowers, bright and blooming, to cheer us on our way?

'Tis the good and kindly Father of a paradise above us,
And we children ought to thank Him for his goodness every day.

I must tell you how much I like the Roll of Honor. I have asked two little girls to subscribe, and they both say they will see. Is n't that nice? I am going to try some more.—Your loving little friend,
LOTTIE G. WHITE.

April 22d.

A MAN-KITE.—MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me how a kite in the shape of a man is made and rigged? If you are not able to oblige me, perhaps some of your readers would be able to do so.
B. U.

ALDEBARAN.—You are right in regard to the signatures to rebuses. We are very glad that you appreciate the ST. NICHOLAS "Jingles" so highly, and we trust many other boys will see as clearly as you do the lessons that some of them are designed to teach.

ROBBIE N.—We shall give you a good "speaking piece" next month.

BENNIE S. COOKE, only eight years old, sends the editor a French translation, in his own handwriting, of "Red-top seeing the World," in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Well done, Bennie! Many of our boys and girls have turned our French stories into English, but you are the first one who has turned our English into French.

SCRIBE'S WORD, AND OTHERS.—"Arrow" writes that Scribe's word in the May Letter Box must be "facetiously" or "abstemiously." Laura A. F. says it is "abstemiously," and she makes 780 good English words out of its letters, thereby beating Scribe, if her answer be correct; for he made only 250 words. "Bessie," of Lake Superior, sends the answer "facetiously," in the form of an enigma, in which "the next three-fifths of my third syllable is what Micawber used to pay his debts with;" and several others from various parts of the country echo "facetiously." Are they right, Scribe? Certainly the word fulfills your conditions of containing all the vowels in their proper order. "Abstemiously" has the same peculiarity, but it contains one more consonant than the other.

Ellen G. Hodges makes 180 words out of the letters of "Metropolitan," and Julia Bacon challenges the boys and girls to find more than sixty-three good English words in common use, in the word "Ecclesiastical."

THE CHERRYFIELD CAT.—Not long ago, we met with this paragraph in one of the New York papers:

AN AFFECTIONATE CAT.—Recently Daniel E. Nichols, of Cherryfield, Me., died, and shortly after the funeral the family cat, which Mr. Nichols had always petted, was observed for several nights to leave the house and return the next morning covered with mud. On following puss, it was discovered that she went directly to the grave, where she had dug a hole to the coffin in the endeavor to find her kind master.

Wishing to ascertain the exact truth in regard to this wonderful story, we wrote, as follows, to Cherryfield, enclosing the paragraph and addressing our letter, at a venture, to Mrs. Nichols.

DEAR MADAM: Is this account *literally true*? or is it one of the fictions that so often creep into the newspapers? You will oblige me very much by replying per enclosed envelope, and by returning the paragraph. Is the cat living, and what kind of a cat is it?—Yours respectfully,

In a few days the reply came, and believing that it will deeply interest not only our boys and girls, but all persons who believe cats to be capable of real affection, we print it entire.

Cherryfield, Me.

DEAR MADAM: As you wish to know the truth in regard to what has been said about our cat of notoriety, I have no other object in view than the truth, so I will tell you of the circumstances, and you can judge for yourself.

The kitty was only nine months old when my husband died, and no one but himself ever petted her. From the commencement of his sickness she would go into his room daily, and stand and put her paws on the bedside and look at him until he spoke to her, and then would leave and not return until the next day.

After his death we could hardly keep her out of the room, but she

did not make any noise until he was buried. Then she began to search and cry about the house, and would lie down by his clothes or under his bed for hours, and she did so for the first week: the second week she would leave the house, and be gone all night at first, then she would stay longer—a night and day, and at the end of the week she would be gone two or three days at a time; and what made it strange to us was that she left a young kitten. We feared she was dead, because she had pined away to a mere skeleton before she left.

On her return home the last time, she came before we heard of the cavity in the grave. We noticed she was looking terribly rough and muddy, and were curious to know about it.

As soon as I heard of the state of the grave, I went to satisfy myself about the matter, being suspicious that it was the work of the cat during her absence. I found the hole newly filled, but on inquiry found it was about the size of a cat, and was dug entirely to the coffin. I was the more convinced that it was the cat, from the fact that she did not leave the house after, but continued her search and still refused her food; and I think she would have died, had not my son returned home from Massachusetts, and taken it upon himself to pet and nurse her, so that she is now living and has become like her former self. She has other remarkable traits—will not allow a child to be corrected without interfering.

You may say, after all this long account of the cat, that it does not prove that it was she that dug the hole in the grave. I know that: but did you know her as I do, you would not hesitate to believe it.

She is of the common sort of cats, and her color is light grey and white. I would not part with her, but yet I fear her sometimes. I would not have written as much, only that I wished you to know the circumstances, as you were so desirous to know the truth of the thing. You can judge for yourself. I do not doubt it in the least.—Yours respectfully,
MRS. D. E. NICHOLS.

ISAAC W. HALL.—You will find the prices of the required tools given in the article on Wood-Carving, in the December number.

ROSINA EISEN, OF BERMUDA.—Your clever translation of "Jack Rytzar's Breakfas'," was received too late to be credited with the other translations.

BYRON R. DEMING, who lives in Arcata, the most western town in California, and so could not be on time, sent good descriptions of the fish in Mr. Beard's picture in our March number.

"BETSEY TROTWOOD."—As the *first* puzzle of your budget is not original, we cannot venture to put the rest in our Riddle Box, for fear that they, too, have been printed before.

"ELAINE," whose verse was printed in our March Letter Box, wishes us to state that the poem supposed to be sent by her mother, was forwarded to ST. NICHOLAS by another person, without the knowledge of either her mother or herself.

S. H. WHIDDEN—We are always pleased to receive *good and original* puzzles from subscribers.

Cambridge, April 28, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take your magazine, and read it, and like it.

I have got twenty-five hens, and they have laid, since June 22, 1873, three thousand eggs,—an average of twenty-one a day. I have got Brahmas, Leghorns, Dorkins, Cochins, Black Spanish, Houdans.
Yours truly,
J. ERNEST FARNHAM.

Can any of our young poultry-raisers beat this?

JIMMY CHRISTIAN, W. L. Cowles, Minnie L. Gay, Nelly S. Colby, Anery Lee, Lizzie M. K., Roy Wright, Hetty Richards, "Pearl," F. E. D., Edwin E. Slosson, Remo, Libbie Van Doorn, Lily B. "Flo," Keziah, Claire, Julia, Lizzie L. Bloomfield, "Emerald," Paul De S., Harry F. Griscom, C. W. Perine, Frank M. Ulmer, J. P. S. V. G. Hoffman, Annie D. Latimer, Lottie G. White, W. L. Rodman, John R. Eldridge, J. McCormick, Netty Harris, "Pansy," Ellen G. Hodges, Louise King, Abner J. Easton, "Arrow," May S. Jenkins, "Gerty Guesser," T. E. D., J. F. G., and others:

Dear young friends, if we had space, we should be glad to print your notes in the Letter Box. As it is, we can only thank you warmly for your hearty and encouraging words, and rejoice in the genuine delight you appear to take in ST. NICHOLAS, and in the many ways in which it meets your special needs.

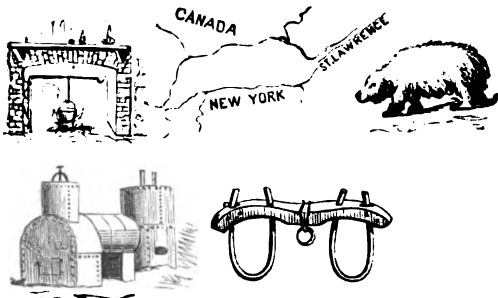
THE RIDDLE BOX.

A TRAGEDY.

(Fill the blanks by successive behendings.)

The driver gave abundant —
That when he drove along the —
He would avoid the rocky —
And bring them safely home;
So happy-hearted Jennie —
Rode fearlessly beside her —
Till, luckless moment! they went —
No more again to roam. J. P. B.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



CHARADE.

I AM composed of three syllables, of which my first is not quite sane; my second has to confess that it owns only three-quarters of a head; my third belongs to either a dish or a part of a gentleman's dress; and my whole is the name of a Jewish council. F. R. F.

PUZZLE.

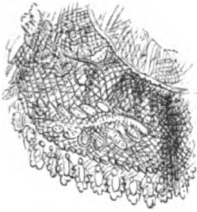
YOU may make me a nickname.
May lay me 'neath your feet;
May place on me rare china,
Or mud from out the street.

I'm planted by the farmer,
Converted into bread;
Admit me to your temper,
All will your coming dread.

To win my last two portions
All men do much desire;
And though they may increase me,
Still more they will require.

My whole,—you've guessed it, surely!
One of the "United States;"
And those who find it truly,
May bless their happy fates. M. D. N.

PREFIX PUZZLE.



Dingle, dingle,
That will jingle.



(Prefix the same letter to each of these pictures, and make a word of it (twelve words in all).)

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD.

My own love, stay, the choicest hours
Of passing day may yet be ours;
Hope stops to whisper in mine ears,
And drives away all lingering fears.

A. S.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(Every other letter is omitted.)

"Ptckptckbkbrmn
Sioatrsatscn
Pttnrliadaktih
Adosnhoefracynm."

RUTHVEN.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-six letters. My 15, 20, 3, 7, 24 is, in the old Latin religion, the god of the lower world. My 16, 9, 17, 19, 1 is the physician of the Olympian gods. My 4, 17, 12, 17, 2, 18 is an Athenian, a son of Ion and father of the Argonaut Butes. My 20, 7, 4, 17, 1, 22 is a people of Celtic Gaul. My 18, 9, 17, 1, 5, 19 is a goddess among the Romans who presided over funerals. My 17, 6, 19, 4, 7, 26 is one of the suitors of Penelope mentioned in the Odyssey. My 21, 11, 1, 19, 10, 17 is a daughter of Enarete, and my 19, 17, 2, 6, 7, 26, who is the god of the winds. My 25, 20, 9, 18, 5, 11 is one of the Muses. My 23, 17, 20, 9, 16, 22, 26 is a celebrated Egyptian deity. My 22, 26, 23, 2, 20, 14, 9 is a surname of Diana. My 13, 7, 16, 17, 20, 8, 25, 23 is an ancient Italian divinity. My whole forms three characters in mythology; the first being a surname of Diana, as indicating the goddess that shines during the night season, the second, one of the Muses, and the third, a beautiful youth, son of the river-god, Cephisus, and the nymph, Liriope.

ALDEBARAN.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

ONE — sees more perfect —.
The teacher will — me if — well.
In our charities — — — when our gifts are —
wisely.
He — the — on a stone pedestal.
The — of the polish was an increased —.
It would — no one of the — of men from agriculture, to tell them that the owner of — added to his —.
The — kind of coloring would please me for — of flowers, on fruit —, which form a — article in potteries.

J. P. B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

PART of a boat; a conveyance; an island; a territory; a city; sleeping; a support; to tire; part of a vessel. The centrals, read down and across, form a city.

NIP.

RIDDLE.

MY 1, 4, 5 and 7 are written in Greek; my 2 and 3 are in Oriental; my 6 is in Latin; and my whole is in plain English,—familiar as a household word,—a name applied to both girls and boys.

C. C.

SEVENTEEN CONCEALED LAKES.

"WELL done, Ida! How energetic you are! Eva, now for the news."

"Well, this morning Phil mentioned that Uncle Leonard, Aunt Constance, and their little one, Gay, arrived on the noon train yesterday. They could not stop at Oswego, as the locomotive gave them but a half-minute. Is that thunder? I expect to catch a drenching; but if I do not catch any cold, will enjoy galloping over there. Thanks for your kindness."

E. H.

REBUS.



E C



8 8

No 154 65



ED.

BIBLICAL CHARADE.

I AM a word of three syllables. My first and second form half the name of one of the most beautiful of Oriental languages; my third is eaten by some nations, and detested by others; and my whole is the name of a mountain in Turkey, celebrated in Scripture history by an event that occurred 1656 years after the creation of the world.

F. R. F.

LETTER PUZZLE.

ONCE B, once C, once F, thrice D;
Twice I, twice H, once L, thrice E;
A's, two; R's, three; T's, two; N's, one;
Now add S, U, and then you are done.
When these correctly are combined,
A well-known proverb you will find. TYPO.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC PICTURE PUZZLE.—Hive, Bear.

H —er— B
I —c— E
V—er—A
E —a— R

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Cleveland.

ADVICE TO YOUNG ORATORS.—Be natural.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—“Do not burn your candle at both ends.”

SOME HIDDEN INSECTS.—1. Wasp. 2. Ant. 3. Fly. 4. Bee.

5. Gnat.

PUZZLE.—

S I X I X X L
I X X X L
S I X

ELLIPSES.—1. Swift. 2. Howitt. 3. Hogg. 4. Field. 5. Bacon.
6. Lamb. 7. Browning. 8. Cook. 9. Burns.

SPELLING LESSON.—1. B-O, R—bor. 2. D-O, R—dor. 3. G-L, E—gle. 4. M-O, R—mor. 5. P-E-N, D—pend. 6. B-L-E, M—blem.

AN EASY CHARADE.—Man-of-war.

QUINTUPLE SQUARE-WORD.—

C O R A L
O P E R A
R E I G N
A R G U E
L A N E S

HIDDEN WORD.—Cross-cut saw. (See—arrow—do bless—see—you—tea essay—double you.

ANSWERS to “*Something New: Language of the Restless Imps*,” in addition to those credited in our June number, were received, previous to May 16, from Bessie Dickinson, Charles and Johnnie McGinniss, Jennie Johnson, Florrie A. Ford, H. R. E., Johnnie Sherwood, Charles Morris, Estelle Parker, “Tyto,” Arthur E. Smith, William Llewellyn Rauer, “Mab,” F. H. Eastwood, Mary A. Harris, E. L. Dillman, “Kate,” Rillie Cortleyon, Nellie S. Colby, Charles J. Gayler, Eva G. Wauzer, “Paul,” Tillie F. Salter, “We Girls,” Harry Latham, Harry McCormick, jr., Sarah F. Finney, Ernest W. Clement, “Bessie” (of Michigan), Mabel Jameson, “One of the Restless Imps,” C. S. Patterson, “Annie and Minnie,” Herman G. Crane, Frederic B. Studwell, Nellie F. Jenkins, Harry F. Griscom, Frank G. Moore, Lucy R. Gillmore, Lily B., George B. McManus, Mrs. A. N. Littlefield, Fannie J. Burton, Mrs. George Copeland, Emily I. Smith, Mary Lucia Hubbard, C. E. Dusenberry, “Sam Sawyer,” H. L. Satterbee, Susie Brent, Ellen P. Smalley, Charlie K. Winslow, Nathaniel G. Parks, Arthur Rose, “Musa,” Libbie Van Doorn, Ernest W. Keeler, Kittie E. Young, Janie Seawell, J. McCormick, Laura B. Tuttle, G. W. Tuttle and A. C. Tuttle, Louise King, Jimmie Christian, “Anna,” Lyman Baker, Henry A. Krause, Grace E. Rockwell, Carrie F. Judd, Parker C. Choate, O. H. Babbitt and “Leghorn,” S. W. H., Harry Horsland, Mattie Rosenthal, Effie C. Sweetser, Edward C. Powles, Willie P. Siebert, E. R. J., Willie S. Burns, “Claire” for “Fannie and Jamie,” Nellie Beach, Hampden Hoge, Daniel I. Pratt, Theodore M., Willie Axtman, Minnie L. G., Charles H. Pelletreau, Katie Hunter, Henry K. Gilman, Alfred V. Sayre, Stevie H. Whidden, “Bessie” (of Pennsylvania), Annie Moseley, Louis Shoemaker, Allie C. Moses, “Gerty Guesser,” Fred. B. White, Thomas T. Baldwin, Nellie M. Brear, Will R. Barbour, Mollie H. Beach, J. J. Greenough, James F. Dwiggins, L. H. B., Edgar L. R., Mabel Loomis, Clara P. Crangle, Harry M. D. Erisman, Mamie Perkins, “Edgar,” A. Lovell, K. B. Cox, Keriah, Alice R. Cushing, Charles G. Corcor, J. G. W., Tinnie A. Drummond, “Ploomy,” Sallie J. Whitsitt, Howard R. Lord, Nellie G. Hill, Mary Hopkins, “Nip,” A. L. A.—y, Bessie De Witt, Charlie and Carrie Balestier, John Lyle Clough, Harry E. Knox, “Aldebaran,” Louise F. Olmstead, “Hallie and Sallie,” Rigby Payne Randall, Roy Wright, Anna W. and Willie M. K. Olcott, Sam Melrose, Kate J. McFarland, Horace Ritchey, Minnie S. Horner, S. Van Santvoord, Effie D. Tyler, Minnie C. Sill, Addie M. Sackett, Lulu S. Lathrop, George H. Hudson, F. H. Briggs, Jennie A. Wade, Nellie P. Clarke, Amelia F. Nichols, L. Whitney, “Fourth Ward,” George Marshall, H. L. C., “Max and Maurice,” “Master Harris,” Ernest and Winnie White, and Annie Lee.

ANSWERS to other Puzzles in May number were received, previous to May 16, from Carrie L. Hastings, Mary Buttles, Arthur Goodwin, John Hersh, Julia Bacon, Emma H. Massman, Edith Bennett, F. W. Randolph, Anery Lee, W. E. Birchmore, R. Cromwell Corner, Eddie H. Eckel, Edward H. Saunders, A. D. Davis, Bessie Wells, C. W. Newman and T. T. Baldwin, Edgar Levy, Selina I. M. Long, Johnnie Sherwood, “Kate,” Charlie K. Winslow, Harry McCormick, Jr., Ernest W. Clement, Nathaniel G. Parks, Arthur E. Smith, Estelle Parker, “Mab,” Willie S. Burns, “Claire” for “Fannie and Jamie,” “Tyto,” Libbie Van Doorn, “Paul,” Arthur Rose, Nellie Beach, George Barrell and Oscar H. Babbitt, Nellie S. Colby, “One of the Restless Imps,” Frederic Studwell, Harry F. Griscom, Lily B., Edward C. Powles, Carrie S. Simpson, Edgar L. R., Alice R. Cushing, “Totty,” Nellie G. Hill, Minnie Thomas, A. L. A.—y, Charlie and Carrie Balestier, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Horace S. Kephart, Louise F. Olmstead, “Hallie and Sallie,” Hattie R., Sam Melrose, S. Van Santvoord, Minnie C. Sill, Addie M. Sackett, George H. Hudson, Elmer E. Burlingame, Lottie R. Munroe, “Max and Maurice,” Lulu M. French, Jennie Grace Douglas, Mima G. Austin, Guerdon and Frank Cooke, S. Walter Goodson, Annie Lee, and Mary Green.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How are you, my dears? Very warm, you say? That is because you don't stand out in the dew all night and cool off, as Jack does. I've several things to tell you about this time. First of all, we'll have

WATER ON FIRE.

CAN water be set on fire? If not, then how is it and why is it that the ocean sometimes looks as if it were all in flames? A macaw, a great friend of the robins who come to see me, says that the ship that brought him from South America passed through water that sometimes looked like a mass of fire, but that nothing was burned by it. The macaw tells me that the people on the ship said the flame was a kind of phos—phos—something; phos—phos—O dear! I can't remember now what sort of light it was! Can't some of you find out and tell me?

GEESE AND LIGHTNING.

DURING a thunderstorm in Yuba County, Cal., a large number of wild geese were killed. The storm came up late in the afternoon. First a little snow, then hail and rain and thunder and lightning. The birds rose from the marsh when the hail began to fall; then it was dark; but the next morning the country about was strewn with dead geese, some with their heads badly torn and their beaks split, and others with the feathers on their backs crisp and singed.

I felt very sorry for the poor geese when I heard a bright little chap read this paragraph the other day from a New York paper, but I could n't help having a little laugh all to myself at remembering the conversation of two girls I had heard the day before.

"O!" said one, "lightning just scares me to death. Mother nor nobody else can do anything with me when it lightens. I always tie a silk handkerchief on my head, and run as hard as I can to throw myself on a feather bed."

"That 's the only way, dear; I don't blame you one bit," said the other. "Feathers and silk are perfect non-conductors of electricity, pa says; so ma and I always go and sit on the spare-room feather bed, with a silk quilt on it, till the lightning is over. We're perfectly safe there, of course."

"Ah, well," says I to myself, remembering these two girls, and thinking of those poor birds on the

Yuba plains, "lightning is pretty much the same everywhere, and so are feathers, whether they are on a goose's back or stuffed in a bed-tick; the difference in safety must be in the position of the goose, whether it is inside of the feathers or outside of them."

Hold! if those other geese had only known enough to tie silk handkerchiefs around their heads all might have been well!

BUILT OF SEA SHELLS.

I'VE just heard of a very wonderful thing. The houses and churches and palaces of the big and beautiful city of Paris are almost all made of *sea-shells*!

This is how it happened:

Some hundreds of thousands of years ago, the waters of the ocean rolled over the spot where Paris now stands. Under the ocean waves lived and died millions and millions and millions of tiny sea-shell animals. By-and-by, after a great, great many years, the ocean waters no longer rolled over this spot, and the very, very big piles—I might say, indeed, the mountains—of dead shells were left for the sun to shine on, the winds to blow on, and the rains to fall on for many centuries more, till the shells had hardened into rocks. Then, after hundreds and hundreds of years more, men came and began to build houses. They dug in the earth, and found the sea-shell stone, with which they built the beautiful houses and churches and palaces for which Paris is so famous. And yet the poor little sea-shells that lived and died so long ago, never get the least bit of credit for all that they did for the fine city! Perhaps, though, they don't care. At any rate, *we* will remember them, and that will be something.

While we are talking about this matter, it may be as well to remember that a great many of the rocks in different parts of the world were made of sea-shells and fresh-water shells in just about the same way that the stone of Paris came to be ready for the builders.

ANTS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

A HUMMING-BIRD has been telling me about some of her neighbors away down South, where she spends the winter.

The thriftiest people in Central America are the smallest—the ants. Some of them are wonderful workers. There is one kind, a sort of wee, wee truffle-growers, who live together in immense swarms, and do such a deal of cutting up, that it is almost as much as the forests can do to stand against them.

They are called leaf-cutters, for the reason that they send out armies of thousands and thousands to bring in leaves, which they cut from the trees in such quantities that whole plantations of mango, orange and lemon-trees are sometimes stripped and killed.

Do they eat the leaves? Not at all. They live on funny little truffles, or fungi, of their own raising. They use the leaves only to make hotbeds for their dainty plants, in chambers under ground.

A beetle who was born in one of their cellar chambers told the humming-bird about them.

One colony of leaf-cutters will have a great many of these cellar chambers, all united by tunnels, for quick transit, and well supplied with what builders call ventilating shafts; for the ants are very particular about having plenty of fresh air. These shafts reach to the surface of the ground. Each chamber is about as large as a man's head, and is kept a little more than half full of cut leaves, overgrown with the small white fungus which the ants cultivate for food.

There are three kinds of ants in each colony: the workers, who go off to the woods for leaves, and have all the outside work to do; some very small ants, who stay at home and spend their time cutting up the leaves that are brought in, and taking care of the baby ants; and a few gigantic fellows, who manage things, and do all the fighting in time of war. Let any enemy disturb the workers going out for leaves or bringing them home, and instantly the soldiers will rush out in force, with their big jaws wide open, and settle things in short order. The little nurses come out sometimes, too, but only for fun or exercise. When they have n't anything to do, and the weather is fine, they like to take a run out with the workers, but they do not bring any loads back. When one of them gets tired, he just climbs up on a leaf that a worker is bringing in,—as you might climb up on a load of hay,—and so enjoys a nice ride home.

WHY PENKNIVES?

IS N'T it about time that people stopped talking about penknives? In my opinion, pencil-knife would be a far more fitting term. Now, in old times, the house-canaries used to tell us Jack-in-the-Pulpits how human folk wrote altogether with the quills of the grey-goose family, and that as it was a necessary accomplishment for ladies and gentlemen to know how to make a pen, everyone wished to have a very sharp knife for the purpose. Hence it was quite a recommendation to any knife to call it a penknife. But who uses penknives now-a-days? Very few, if the birds know anything about it. Gold pens, steel pens, and even India-rubber pens have left the goose question nowhere, as far as people in general are concerned; and the few folk who use "quills" rarely take a so-called penknife to them. They use patent quill-cutters,—that is, when they don't buy the quill-pens ready made,—yes, patent quill-cutters, that open their brass mouths with a click and bite the quills into pens before you can say Jack Robinson.

So, my boys and girls, let's put an end to this small sham, and abolish the word penknife. Call the useful article with which you do so much damage a pocket-knife, a furniture-scratcher, a chest-nut-peeler, a chip-maker, anything but what it is n't—a penknife.

A FUNNY ENCAMPMENT.

ALL the birds that I personally know, build their nests upon, or hanging from, the branches of trees, or in hollow stumps, or in the banks of brooks, or in the grass, or in bushes, or about houses and

barns. But a few days ago a wild goose, on his way North, stopped to rest a little while and gossip with me. He told me of a sort of bird, named the gorfou, which does not build nests, but lays out big encampments in squares, with streets between. Each pair of gorfous owns a square, on which its eggs are laid. Thus the square becomes the gorfou's house, and when he and his mate walk out they must keep strictly in the streets and not step into the houses of the other birds, or they would cause a great disturbance in the gorfous' camp.

WATER RUNNING UP HILL.

DID any of you ever see water run up hill? I've always kept my eyes open (at least, when I was awake), but as long as I've looked at the brook that flows near my pulpit, I've never yet seen it try to run up hill. But a bird who heard a naval officer talking about it, told this to me:

There is, in the big Atlantic ocean, a warm-water river or current, called the Gulf Stream, that really, of its own accord, flows up an inclined plane from South to North. He said that, according to scientific men, this warm stream starts at three thousand feet below the surface off Hatteras, and in the course of about one hundred and thirty miles rises, or runs up hill, with an ascent of five or six feet to the mile.

What makes it? Ah! that is more than Jack knows. More than the bird knew. More than the officer knew, either, I guess.

Shall anyone ever know? Why not? Wise people are learning new things all the time, and why may they not find out the why and wherefore of this queer thing?

OCEAN GARDENS.

IT seems to me that I'm learning faster than ever I learned before. Perhaps it's on account of being helped by so many girls and boys. One of the latest things I've found out is that there are gardens in the ocean.

The paths are made of smooth, white sand, winding about among beds of rock. The plants are delicate waving things of every graceful shape, and of beautiful colors,—red, yellow, pink, purple, green, brown and grey. Among them the coral branches wave, while out and in, around and between them all, silently swim the glittering forms of fishes as wonderful as the flowers.

A solemn sort of gardens must these be, with never a voice to be heard in them. I think I like best the gardens of the land, made glad by the voices of children and birds. On the land, at least, one would not be likely to mistake an animal for a plant.

In the ocean gardens, many of the things that look like plants are really animals, and we (if we could get at them) might try to pluck a pretty orange-colored or purple blossom, and find out that we were breaking a piece from an animal, which would be unpleasant to both parties.

"IT'S VACATION."

HURRAH! Jack knows it. Enjoy yourselves all you can, my dears.

THE LETTER BOX.

ROBBIE N.—You write that you would like to see in the Letter Box a good piece for a little boy to recite,—something that can be read with expression; for, though you are quite young, still you like to study out the meaning of what you learn. Very well. Here is a fine opportunity for you and scores of other young folks, in this quaint and touching poem by William Blake. William Blake once lived in a dingy court in London, and no doubt saw many a sooty little chimney-sweep go in and out. If ever a man could see a chance for anything hopeful and bright in the life of these poor, hard-worked little fellows, that man was William Blake, for his soul was full of tender sympathy for all. You will notice, Robbie and the rest, that almost every line of this poem is peculiarly capable of being given with expression; in fact, you will need all the tones of your voice, and nearly every power of your bright young faces, to recite it properly.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, "Weep, weep!" Weep, weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's a little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved: So I said:
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight:
That thousands of sweepers,—Dick, Joe, Ned and Jack,—
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got, with our bags and our brushes, to work:
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm,
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

GRACE HUNTER writes: "I would like to tell the girls something. It is about a good use for the frames of old umbrellas, sunshades or parasols. You just open them, strip off the silk, sharpen the handles to a point, and thrusting them, open, into the ground, let them serve as trellises for vines. Last summer, we girls had a lovely sweet-pea vine growing over mother's old parasol-frame, and a balloon vine trained over father's castaway umbrella. They were lovely. The frames were old-fashioned whalebone ones. Iron ones will answer the same purpose; but they ought not to stand in very sunny places, as they easily become heated, and so injure the vines."

S. T. CARLISLE.—See "Who Wrote the Arabian Nights?" page 42 of the first number of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE WILHELM'S WEEK.—Here is a letter from Germany, which, I think, will interest our young friends:

Kaiserworth ein Rhein, Prussia.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Would you like to hear about the Kaiser's (or Emperor's) birthday, and, as they call it here, a Wilhelm's Week?

No doubt, all of you young folks who read ST. NICHOLAS have been trained to believe that it is the happiest of all lots to live in a republic. There is certainly much to be thankful for in our form of government; but an empire has also its special advantages. One of these you may never have heard of; at least, I learned it to-day for the first time.

On President Grant's birthday, I suppose Mr. Grant gives his children a party, and they have unlimited supplies of all sorts of nice things; but I am very sure President Grant does not send a "Grant's week" to every one of you on that day. Now, the Kaiser, on his birthday, the 22d of March, always gives a "Wilhelm's week" to

every boy and girl in the public schools in his kingdom; and a "Wilhelm's week" is a very nice German cake.

But I will tell you all about it, and in the words of a school-girl from Westphalia who has just been talking with me.

"Oh! it is so charming! liebes Fräulein; you can't think here, in this little village, how much better we celebrate the Kaiser's birthday in the city. There is a fortress there, garrisoned by several regiments of soldiers. So, early in the morning, a beautiful statue of the Kaiser is brought out into the middle of the market-place, and crowned with laurel. All the soldiers, with their shining helmets and waving crests, assemble around it, and hold their parade here. On one side stand all the children from the public schools of the city with their teachers; on the other side stand all the large boys from the *Realschule*,—six hundred of them. A large choir, selected from these, stand on the steps of the Rath-haus, and when the chief burgomeister has made a speech to all the people, this choir sings, in four parts, our most beautiful national songs, always including, of course, 'Heil dir in Lieber Kranz!' ('Hail, in thy Laurel Crown, Kaiser, to thee!'). This is nearly the same good old tune which, in England, is 'God Save the Queen,' and in the United States does duty as 'America.'

"Then the school children and their teachers go to the school-houses; the parents and friends come; the children repeat poems and speeches and sing more patriotic songs, and the teacher relates to them the life of the Emperor, and tells them of his brave deeds, of his noble character, and his warm, loving heart for his people and soldiers.

"Then they all go for a long walk, and each child receives his or her 'Wilhelm's week.' They go together, far out of the city, to some pretty little village, beautiful old park, or green meadow. Here tables have been set for them, and coffee is given to each child to drink with his 'Wilhelm's week.' The city pays for the coffee; but the cake is always the private gift of the Emperor."

There! Don't you think there are *some* advantages in living in an empire?—Yours truly,
JULIA S. TUTTWILER.

We should be very glad if our American children could have a few other of the benefits enjoyed by the young Prussians. Their common-school system is said to be the best in the world; and as the state allows no child to grow up in ignorance, the schools take care that, while the education shall be thorough, there shall be no cruel "cramming." Great discretion is exercised as to what the children need learn and what may be left unlearned. They understand that it is as great injustice to a young brain to overload it as it is to neglect it.

We advise our young readers to take pains to let their parents see the daily lessons they are studying, so as to know their character, their length, and, above all, their quality as to clearness. If you do not *understand* your lessons, and your teachers cannot make them clear to you, let your parents know of it. We do not advise you to complain unnecessarily, nor to try to get rid of doing a fair amount of study; but we do say this: Many present abuses in our schools and text-books would be remedied if young students and their parents had a full and mutual understanding in regard to them. Parents generally pay no attention to the *way* in which their children are being taught; they too often take it for granted that a text-book means instruction, and that to recite means to learn; and, worse than all, that the harder and longer the lesson-tasks are, the better must be the chances of acquiring a fine education. You children may work a reform here.

MASTER B.—The word "hippodrome" is derived from Greek words, signifying a *horse* and a *course*. If you had looked for this word in Worcester's or Webster's big dictionary, you would have been spared the trouble of writing to ST. NICHOLAS. This explanation will help you to comprehend several other words beginning with *hippo* (a horse), as hippopotamus, hippogriff, hippocamp, and hippophagy. When you discover that two syllables in "hippopagy" are derived from a Greek word signifying *to eat*, it may interest you still further to know that the Tartars are known to practice hippophagy. This throws a new light upon that moderate request, "Oh, give me but my Arab steed!"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading about carpet-making, and though I was not able to find the name of the person who invented carpet, I collected the following few facts about it, which will partially answer H. W. Carroll's question in the June Letter Box:

At a very early period, and long before what we now call carpets were known, coarse materials, such as straw and rushes, were used

on floors. These were afterwards braided into a sort of matting. Even Queen Mary used rushes as a floor covering, and after carpet was introduced in Europe.

The Egyptians were probably the first who made carpets; and they were manufactured by hand, in Persia, long before they were made in Europe. The Babylonians come next. They wove strange figures of fabulous men and animals in their carpets. The Greeks and Romans imported Babylonish carpets for their own use.

France took the lead among European nations in the art of making carpets. They were first introduced in the reign of Henry IV., in about the year 1600. In 1664, a manufactory was established at Beauvais, a town situated forty-two miles north of Paris; and about the same time, carpets were made in Chaillot, now an important manufacturing town three miles from Paris.

About a century after this (1757), carpet manufacturing had so increased, that a French society of art offered a premium to the best imitation of the Turkey carpet.

For a long time, the ingrain carpet was only made by hand-loom. In Europe their manufacture by power-loom was abandoned as impossible.

And just here the superiority of Yankee ingenuity is apparent. In Boston, a gentleman manufactured a power-loom, which he afterward so perfected as to entirely change the nature of carpet-making.

Respectfully,
Z. Z.

Mrs. HENRY R. B.—Yes, we can heartily recommend to you, and to all mothers of young children, "Plays for the Kindergarten," by Mrs. Henrietta Noa, with music by John Richter. It is published by J. L. Peters, N. Y.

"Jicks."—Your puzzle is very old.

MAUDIE is six years old, and somebody who loves her, and feels sorry for all little girls who have to wear their hair frizzed, or curled, or "hanging down their backs," in this warm weather, has thus written out poor Maudie's thoughts:

O dear! It is in the paper again,—I heard mamma read it myself. "Little girls still wear their hairs a-flowing."

I've never had any pleasure with my head since I can recollect. It's always, "Now, Maudie, you must have your curl-papers in;" or, "Maudie, come, let me fix your hair to crimp." Mamma thinks she does a *wonderful* good act because she wont curl me with a warm iron. I heard her tell Myra Bland's mamma she thought it was *cruel* to heat a child's head and scorch its hair all off. I wish she would scorch mine till it would get as little as Cousin Hal's. He just laughs at me for crying.

"Why, look, sis," he says, every time he comes, "they may comb my hair as much as they please, and I don't mind it!"

"Oh, you must be patient!" nurse says: "everybody has to be dressed. Nobody loves little girls if they are naughty and cry and look untidy! Come! Don't you remember, in your story-books, about

'Little Annie Grace, with her smiling face,
Brushes out her golden hair till she makes it shine!
Lovely Annie Grace!'"

That's the way nurse talks while she's a-combing the hateful tangles. Oh, it's just awful! And when I *have* to cry, "There, then!" mamma says: "you are a naughty child." Then she quits and looks away out at the window. Then I wipe off my face with a wet towel and tell her I'm sorry; and she kisses me and makes up.

"Oh, how sweet you look!" aunty says, when I'm done. "Just look in the glass at aunty's 'snowbird!'" And she turns it so I can see myself.

Uncle Johnnie meets me on the stairs, and holds up his hands and cries, "Whew! What a lovely little fairy! Really, Maudie, you look good enough to eat."

That makes me feel nice. But quick as grandma sees me, she says, "Oh, now! I thought you were a-going to be *my* little girl once; but you've gone and got your hair all frizzled and mussed up. Well! Little girls can't go out to walk with me unless they have their hair nice and smooth!"

Then that awful man that everybody calls "Uncle William" comes in, and I can't get out of the room.

"Who is this?" he asks, looking at me through his spectacles and reaching out his hand.

Then I have to sit on his knee and be smoothed and rubbed down. I can feel the curls going—just as plain! And I know they wont last. To-morrow it'll all have to be done over again!

Oh, if the fashions would just say, "Little girls must have their hair tied in a bunch or else cut right off!" And, O dear! it's so dreadful hot all down my back, I don't know what to do, *really!*

—

"SCHOOL-GIRL."—In reply to your inquiry concerning a "really good, very low-priced paper for girls," we cordially commend the *Young Folk's Journal*, issued monthly at Brinton, Pa. It is edited and published by a family of girls, and is excellent in every respect.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.—The army of Bird-defenders is growing to be very large. Recruits come pouring in every day; and now Mr. Haskins, its founder, sends in a long list of boys' and girls' names, pupils of male and female high schools of New Albany, Ind.: Frank H. Gohman, A. L. Douglas, Charles G. Wilson, G. W. Haskins, Frank M. Worrall, Daniel S. Trinler, Daniel R. E. Doherty, Edward W. Faucett, Alex. Lowestellse Wells, jr., Chas. Lloyd, John T. Robinson, Hartie H. Depen, John Steele Davis, jr., C. Filch, R. Byrn, Harry Linnon, Frank Miller, C. H. Gard, Charles N. Pitt, J. M. Stotsenburg, J. F. McCulloch, W. P. Lewis, Wm. P. Tuley, John J. Tighe, John E. Payne, Charles Greene, W. Leach, Eugene Swift, James Lewis, Charlie A. Haskins, Hettie R. Smith, Alice White, Amanda Newbanks, Nannie A. Windell, Belle Lane, Lydia M. Littell, Mattie Matheny, Lillie Austin, Lilian F. Moore, Ella Harbeson, Sallie I. McCulloch, Addie Bader, Ada Hester, Clara S. Williams, E. Ufastie Kexley, Minnie Seabrook, Annie Dalby, Clara M. Pitt, Anna E. Petery, Mary Genung, Ella M. Garriott, Katie C. Garriott, Cassie S. Weir, Jennie S. Cook, Florence A. Pitt, Jennie Ewing, Anna B. Martin, Ella L. Sigmon, Lizzie B. Hester, Florence I. Myers, Fannie Straub, Lelah Decker, Becca Byrn, Lydia Townsend, H. H. Franck, Jennie Day, Rosaltha Kent, Katie Hurrie, Mary Schofield, Emma Dowerman, Nannie Andrews, Nannie Royer, Maggie Baldwin, Grace M. Lee, Laura E. Johnston, Mary Kelo, Gertie E. Jackson, Gertie Forse, Mamie Wilson, Ella M. Hill, Augusta Tising, Josie Jasper, Ida M. Sackett, Zora White, Annie Nichols, Lina Shelton, Anna Doen, Mary Ewing, Hattie L. Stout, Lizzie Pearson, Hattie Deeble, Sallie King, Eva Matheny, Ella Applegate, Estelle Neat, Alice Tuley, Mary Robellaz, Louisa Goetz, Caddie Conner, Kittie Davis, P. A. Rager, Lillie M. Tuley, Sarah A. Sinex, Laura Johnson, Maggie M. Hall, Emma J. Noyes, Anna Draper, Lottie Cogswell, and A. M. Thurman.

Ella Christopher, of Jacksonville, Florida, sends in her own and four other names: A. A. Fays, Josie Philips, Ida Holmes and Emma Bours. And Minnie Thomas, of Boston, sends a long list of names with the following letter:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been much interested in what you say about birds, and would all like to join your army; and so I send you a list of recruits. We have a handsome tortoise-shell cat, named Beauty, whom we think a remarkable animal. She never kills birds, but is a famous mouser. We have two canaries who sometimes leave their cage and alight on Beauty's head and run over her back. She likes it very much. It is quite funny to see her sleeping quietly before the fire, and those birds dancing up and down on her head or back, singing with all their might. Once Beauty came in where we were at tea, and ran eagerly from one to another, uttering strange cries. First she went to the door, then came back, then went to the door again, looking back as if asking us to follow her. So Bertie went with her, and she led him outdoors to where there lay a young robin, which had fallen out of a nest near by. Bertie called uncle, who put Master Robin back; and when Beauty saw he was safe, she gave a glad "m-e-e-ow," and went back to her place by the fire, where she slept in peace. Don't you think she deserves to have her name among the bird-defenders?

Since our last issue, the boys and girls named below have sent us their names to be enrolled as Bird-defenders: Wilson Farrand, Marion W., Fred A. Norton, Arthur D. Percy, Allan Preston, Robert Nichols, Harry Duncan, Herbert Irwin, Charlie Irwin, Harry Lewis, Fred W. Ellis, Bertie S. Ellis, James Moore, Fred Moore, Charlie Moore, Edgar D. Austin, Edwin Howard, Arthur Willard, Charlie S. Willard, Ernest Leslie, Fred Leslie, Robert Stearns, Jamie F. Carleton, Alfred P. Curtis, Harry W. Curtis, Percy S. Clifford, Eddie F. Graham, Charlie Warren, Emma G. Lyon, Percy Lyon, Harold A. Lyon, Bertie E. Lyon, Lilian Lyon, Marian Lyon, Minnie Thomas, Minnie Mervin, Ethel S. Percy, Alma Lewis, Edith F. Williams, Grace Ellis, Allie Morse, Jessie S. Austin, Stella C. Nichols, George E. Nichols, Florence Irwin, Hattie W. Osborne, Mabel W. Irwin, Bessie R. Allen, Carrie F. Dana, Allie K. Bertram, Cora Kendall, Nettie S. Elliott, Bertie L., Louise S., R. B. Corey, B. Waterman, C. E. Sweet, Maggie Lippincott, Frank Ratch, Rollic Bates, Horace S. Kephart, Willie Boucher Jones, Roderick E. Jeralds, Ora L. Dowty, Walter C. Peirce, Leonard M. Daggett, and Ernest G. Dumas.

Here is another long list of signers just received from Lucie M. French, of Hamilton Co., Ohio: Fordie M. French, Ambrose Matson, James T. Wood, Homer Matson, Lucie M. French, Tillie B. French, Haidee Ottman, Mary A. Moore, Ellen Clark, Elizabeth Scott, Lilly Wilson, Rosa Scott, Nancy E. Moore, Nettie Bedinger, Jennie Wood, Maggie E. Wood, Harriet Bedinger, Lizzie Wilson, and Delila Moore.

"MAX AND MAURICE" wish to know of "some reliable work on the treatment of caged birds." They will probably find what they want in any of the following books, for sale by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.:

Bird-Keeping. A Practical Guide. By the author of "Home Pets." Price, 50c.

Cage Birds: their Management, Diseases, Food, &c. By J. M. Bechstein, M. D. Price, \$1.75.

The Canary: its Varieties, Management, and Breeding. By Rev. F. Smith. Price, \$1.75.

Will "Aunt Libbie," of New Brunswick, please send us her post-office address?

ANSWERS TO "SOMETHING NEW: THE LANGUAGE OF THE RESTLESS IMPS," from Agnes Coburn, Maria L. Stebbins, Ada A. Hodges, Edward H. Conner, Lillie and Mamie F., Julia Smith, and Laura A. Shotwell, were received too late for acknowledgment with others in the July Riddle Box; as was also Carrie B. Northrop's translation of "La Petite Plume Rouge."

ANSWERS TO "CHARL'S PUZZLE" have been received from Addie S. Church, W. B. Crawford, Sallie Peabody, M. A. White, Julia Smith, Laura A. Shotwell, and C. A. Miller.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

La Fontaine's Fables, published by Cassell, Petter and Galpin, New York, is a magnificent edition of these famous fables, superbly illustrated by Gustave Doré. Our frontispiece which, in a reduced form, is taken from this book—is an example of the beauty of its engravings.

The Sportsman's Club Afloat. By Harry Castlemon. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

From the American Tract Society, N. Y.: *The Swallow Stories*, by Sallie Chester; *Alfred Warriner*, by O. A. K.; *From Four to Fourteen*, by Jennie Harrison; *Ethel's Gift*, *Maysie's Star*, *Joe Blahd's Temptation*, *Rachel's Lilies*, *Benny*, *Bought with a Price*, and *The Rescued Lamb*.

Bryant's Book-Keeping. By J. C. Bryant, M. D. Published by the author, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fourteen letters. My 6, 14, 8, 9, 10, 2 was the wife of Cupid. My 13, 7, 13, 12 was an Egyptian goddess. My 3, 10, 4, 3, 13, 7 was the mother of Achilles. My 1, 4, 3, 13, 12 was the Goddess of Prudence. My 4, 9, 10, 11 was a beautiful nymph. My 3, 10, 2, 5, 13, 14 was the goddess of Law. My 13, 11 was the daughter of Inachus. My whole is what the ancients called the transmigration of souls.

PANSY.

CHARADE.

(First.)

A VESSEL which a voyage made,
When other craft all failed;
It floated o'er the tops of trees,
And over mountains sailed.

(Second.)

A workman, one who works with skill
At good and useful trade;
Some use a mallet and a drill,
Some are of higher grade.

(Whole.)

My whole, among inventors, stood
In foremost rank of all;
By his inventions did much good;
Please now his name recall.

HENRY.

GEOGRAPHICAL DECAPITATIONS.

BEHEAD a strait of Australia, and leave a slow domestic animal. Behead a town of Georgia, and leave an instrument of music. Behead a cape on the Atlantic coast, and leave a part of the head. Behead a cape of Alaska, and leave a weapon. Behead a river of Mississippi, and leave a man of title. Behead a bay of Louisiana, and leave a word that means wanting. Behead a river of South Carolina, and leave a highway. Behead a town in New Hampshire, and leave a word that means above. Behead a river of Georgia, and leave something useful in dressing wounds.

A. M. B.

TWISTED TREES.

(Fill the first blank in the sentence with the name of some tree, and the second with the same name transposed.)

1. The — affords — shade. 2. The wax-wing utters — in the — tree. 3. The leaf of — is a —. 4. The — red berries. 5. Children fresh and — and sat beneath the —. 6. Good — trees are not —. 7. Don't — the — tree.

CHARL.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A kitchen utensil. 3. A writer of hymns. 4. A part. 5. Extended. 6. Corrupted. 7. A town in France. 8. A boy's nickname. 9. A consonant.

FAN-FAN.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. THE two boys played dominoes together. 2. Charles, did you see the large dromedary at the circus? 3. I bought two fat hens at the market. 4. The girl who borrowed my rubber never returned it. 5. I hope kind words will not be ineffectual with him. 6. He loaded the meal on donkeys, and brought it to the city. 7. Last April I made many April-fools. 8. His wounds bleed so profusely that he must die from loss of blood. 9. Why did you not bring the chart for David? 10. During the ravages of the mob, I left the city. 11. The boys who stole dogs were arrested to-day. 12. You will find your hat below, Ella.

C. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

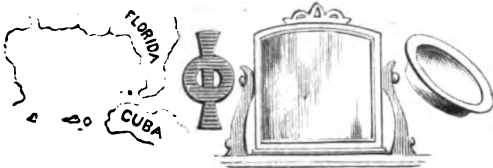
MY first is a blossom, but *once* a fair youth;
My second a delicate fruit;
My third is a part of a building well known;
My fourth has a voice like a lute;
My fifth is a plant ancient warriors held dear;
My sixth interrupts but to please;
My seventh is a cluster of stars, and my eighth
A bird, which live prey loves to seize.
The *initials* of these give a warrior's name,
And the *finals* the prison to which he gave fame.

J. B. P.

ENIGMA.

MY first is in battle, but not in fight;
 My second is in eve, but not in night;
 My third is in hearing but not in sight;
 My fourth is in darkness, but not in light;
 My fifth is in wrong, and also in right;
 My sixth is in red, but not in white;
 My seventh is in flee, but not in flight;
 My eighth is in read, and also in write;
 My ninth is in danger, but not in fright.
 My whole is a beautiful tree.

E. R.

REBUS, No. 1.**A BACKWARD STORY.**

(In the following story, thirty-eight of the one hundred and forty-three words are spelled backwards. When they are corrected, the narrative becomes clear.)

A beautiful girl had a new close to the very pot trap of her head.

"Tub," said she, "it does not ram it much, at least ton when I nod my ten."

When she was her mother and lover ward near, she was glad the ten saw a good tif. Besides, as the sag was ton lit, the moor was mid. Once, being startled out of a pan by thunder, she bumped the new tub she went where there saw a wolf of cold water and held it under.

"Trips, water!" said she, faint as a wounded reed, and then she went for den. Den was a orgen doctor.

He put no rat, which was teem, but her am saw dam, because it was not trap water. However, it cured her, and won she yam wear her ten or ton, as she pleases.

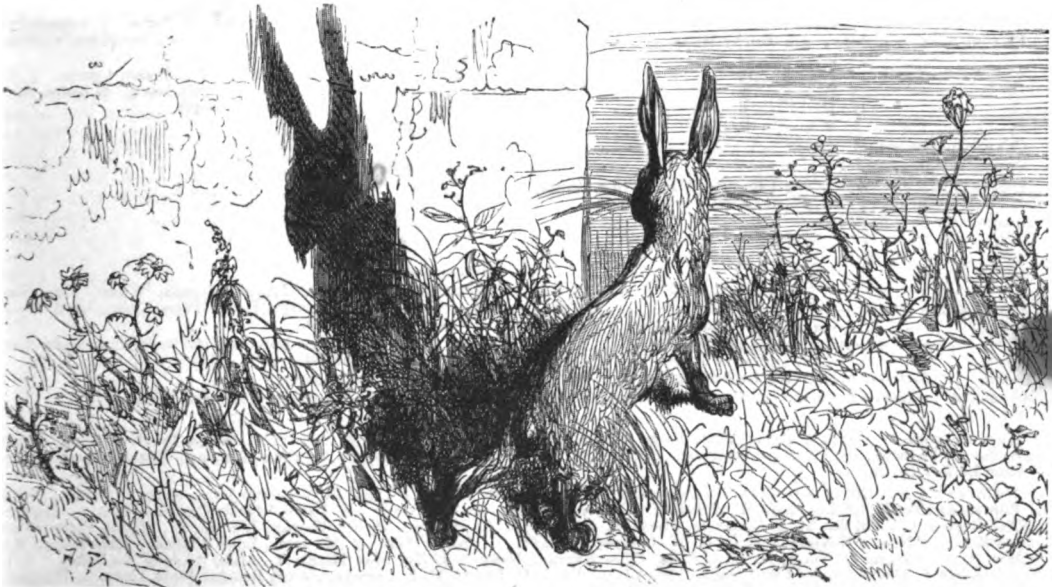
WILLIAM MORRIS.

A BIRD ENIGMA.

A GORGEOUS bird, whose plumage bright,
 Makes tropic forests gay;
 A bright-winged thing, whose hanging nest
 The passing breezes sway;
 A warbler sweet of sunny isles,
 Too oft a prisoner here;
 A bird, whose wing scarce seems to move
 While sailing through the air;
 A pretty little warbling finch,
 Familiar, gay and bright;
 A songster rare, whose mellow notes
 Are sweetly sung at night;
 A bird with breast of golden dye,
 And wings of darker hue;
 A favorite nestling of our woods,
 All clothed in feathers blue;
 An idol, once to Egypt dear,
 And named in ancient lore;
 An English pet, that comes in spring,
 And chirps about the door;
 A gentle, tender, meek-eyed bird,
 Oft seen upon the wing,
 Whose note is plaintive, soft and pure,
 Whose praises poets sing.

These songsters sweet, from every land,
 Who form a fluttering, bright-hued band,
 Have here in kindness flown;
 For each one now an offering brings,
 To form the name of one who sings,
 And makes their songs his own:
 The bird, to Southern woods most dear,
 With voice sweet, mellow, rich and clear.

K. L.

PICTURE QUOTATION.

What passage in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" does this picture illustrate?

REBUS, No. 2.



RHYMING DECAPITATION.

(Fill the second, third and fourth blanks by successive beheading of a word which should be in the first blank.)

GREEN willows on the banks are ____;
Upon the stream blithe boatmen ____;
Their speed to favoring breezes ____,
Is swift as birds upon the ____.

With lily-pads their oars are ____;
With eager hands the blossoms ____
They shout, "Dull care far from me ____"
And echo answers, "—!" J. P. B.

PUZZLE.

(The following puzzle was first published in 1628, and was re-printed in "Hone's Every-Day Book" for 1826; but it is very ingenious, and perhaps new to many of our readers.)

A vessel sailed from a port in the Mediterranean with thirty passengers, consisting of fifteen Jews and fifteen Christians. During the voyage a heavy storm arose, and it was found necessary to throw overboard half the passengers in order to lighten the ship. After consultation, they agreed to a proposal from the captain that he

should place them all in a circle and throw overboard every ninth man, until only fifteen should be left. He then arranged them in such a way that all the Jews were thrown overboard, and all the Christians saved. How did he do it?

SYNCOPIATIONS.

SYNCOPE a weapon, and get a way. Syncope not new, and get a disposal. Syncope a shelter, and get an article of clothing. Syncope a weapon, and get a law or rule. Syncope a heathen god, and get an exclamation. NIP.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

My first is in Leeds, but not in Erne;
My second is in Liege, but not in Berne;
My third is in Dover, but not in Hull;
My fourth is in Derg, but not in Mull;
My fifth is in Pearl, but not in Save;
My sixth is in Perth, but not in Drave;
My seventh is in Rome, but not in Rhine;
My eighth is in Toulon, but not in Tyne;
My ninth is in Darling, but not in Dee.
My whole is a city across the sea. R. S. T.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

A TRAGEDY.—Pledges, ledges, edges. Glover, lover, over.
PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Hobby-Horse.

H—cart—H
O—ntari—O
B—ea—R
B—oiler—S
Y—ok—E

CHARADE.—Sanhedrim.

PUZZLE.—Matrimony.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix: The letter P. Place, Prose, Prime, Pin, Plead, Poke, Plash, Pear, Plover, Prest, Park, Pant.

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD.—

V E S T
E C H O
S H O P
T O P S

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man!"
"So I do, master, as fast as I can."
"Pat it and roll it, and mark it with B,
And toss in the oven for baby and me."

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—1. Orcus. 2. Pagan. 3. Teleon. 4. Ru-

teni. 5. Nænia. 6. Elatus. 7. Canace. 8. Æolus. 9. Urania. 10. Serapis. 11. Issoria. 12. Lupercus. Whole: Noctiluca, Calliope, Narcissus.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Seldom, models. 2. Praise, I parse. 3. We do best, bestowd. 4. Laid, dial. 5. Result, lustre. 6. Scare, races, acres, cares. 7. Palest, petals, plates, staple.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

V A N
M A L T A
M O N T A N A
B A L T I M O R E
D O R M A N T
S T O O L
I R K
E

RIDDLE.—George.

SEVENTEEN CONCEALED LAKES.—Oncida, Wener, Rec, Van, Ilmen, Leon, Constance, Omega, Rainy, Patos, Como, Utah, Thur, Erie, Tchad, Tchany, Ness.

REBUS.—The Feejee Islands number one hundred and fifty-four. sixty-five only are inhabited.

BIBLICAL CHARADE.—Araat.

LETTER PUZZLE.—"A burnt child dreads the fire."

TRANSLATIONS OF "SANCTI PETRI ÆDES SACRA" were received, previous to June 16, from W. F. Bridge, Frank E. Camp, Harry Beveridge, "Plymouth Rock," Alice Whittlesey, Daisy Lee, Charles H. Brickenstein, E. Augustus Douglass, Ella M. Truesdell and William Le Roy Brown.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, previous to June 16, from M. Winthrop Jones, Addie S. Church, Mamie F. Buttre, Guerdon H. Cooke, Frank M. Wakefield, E. D. K., "Shelby, Ohio," "Frank and Laure," Bessie Cornelius, Ellen G. Hodges, George English, C. A. Miller, M. E. Carpenter, Mamie L. Leithead, C. S. Patteson, Minnie Thomas, J. B. C., Jr., Minnie Potter, Ansel James McCall, "Neno and Nimpo," E. G. B., W. Campbell Langfitt, "Typo," "Fios," S. M. Arty, Lillie Whitman, Julia Bacon, Roy Wright, Annie Augusta De Vinne, Jennie C. Gale, Edith Ryerson, Nellie S. Colby, Miss Minnie T. Allen, "Lily of the Valley," F. L. A—y, Chas. F. Olmsted, John Lyle Clough, "Snowdrop," Carrie H. Barker, M. E. Carpenter, Willie Boucher Jones, Carrie L. Hastings, "Jicks," Charlie W. Balestier, Arthur E. Smith, Anna W. Olcott, Willie M. K. Olcott, Charles A. Berry, Mattie Thompson, Jamie J. Ormbee, Willie R. Buck, Louise F. Olmstead, Ernest G. Dumas, Edward R. Kellogg and Hattie P. Woodruff.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SOHO! Vacation is nearly over, is it? Well, well, I'm sure you'll all be very glad to be at school again, my dears. Meantime, just to keep you from pining for your studies, we'll take a peep into This and That, and see what we can find.

First of all, what say you to

WAX WITHOUT BEES.

IMPOSSIBLE? Not at all. The birds tell me that I mustn't think because the bees do all the buzzing, that therefore they make all the wax; nor that the noisiest bees are the most industrious, for that matter.

Very respectable wax may be obtained from certain trees and shrubs, without ever a bee poking his nose into the business at all. The birds have told me, so far, only about the wax-palm of South America, and the wax-shrub of Louisiana; but I remember how a little chap once brought a lump of greenish wax to my meadow, and told his playmates that it was bayberry-wax, and made from the berries of the bayberry-shrub.

Find out all you can about this matter, please.

JACK CATCHES SOMETHING.

YOU'D be astonished, my dears, if you knew of the strange and beautiful treasures the wind brings me, besides music and perfume and dust and all the other things that he is known to be always carrying about with him. Yes, he's constantly flinging gifts upon my pulpit. One day it's a bright feather, or a bit of gay ribbon, or a shining thread of hair; another day it's a piece of kite-tail, or a wisp of hay, or a newspaper scrap; and if it's the last, I generally try to keep it by me till some of my young folk come along, when they are apt to spy it and read it out aloud. Here's something that came by wind a day or two ago, along with a spray of red clover; and you should have heard Mitsy and Bob, from the red cottage, reading it. They're in the Third Reader, judging by the ease with which they slid over the hardest words without bumping. And I tell you, the way they took it all in, word for word, was splendid. It seemed as if Jack could see their souls growing while they read. The fact is, some writing-folk have the very breeze

and sunlight of truth in them, and when they let it out, it's as if a human soul had given birth to an October morning. The man that wrote my verses is named George Macdonald, it appears. If any of you youngsters ever see him just tell him Jack-in-the-Pulpit sends his best respects.

Here they are, every word. Take them easily, my children. Don't rush through them. Imagine they're a sort of double row of grand and fragrant lilies. Stop and breathe over each one. You youngest tots can hardly reach up to them. Never mind. They're made for big boys and girls, but they'll keep till you grow larger, my dears,—depend upon it.

BETTER THINGS.

Better the love of gentle heart, than beauty's favors proud;
Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by mother's hand, than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God, than say, "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening stage;
Better suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk in the realm unseen, than watch the hour's event;
Better the well done at the last, than the air with shoutings rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noon-day burning bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

NUT-LAMPS.

My friend Blue-bird tells me, on the best authority, that in Otaheite the natives have a queer sort of candle. They take a stick or wooden skewer and cover it with the kernels of a certain oily nut, placed one above another. Then they light the end of the stick, and it burns slowly, like a wick, while the nut-kernels serve in place of sperm or tallow. Clever people, these Otaheiteans, all things considered.

Who knows the name of this nut?

PIC-NIC PUZZLES.

THE pretty little school-teacher, of whom I've spoken before, came to the meadow the other day, with four other teachers and about three and three-quarter dozen children. It was a pic-nic. After awhile, they sat down on the shady knoll to rest and began to ask each other conundrums.

"Why can't the French speak their own language in Heaven?" asked the pretty teacher, suddenly, and in French.

As nobody could tell, they all said in English that they did n't know.

"Because," said the pretty teacher, still in French, "all their vowels are in *purgatoire*" (purgatory).

"Very good," said a lady teacher in blue spectacles (it's a queer thing what odds it makes whether blue eyes or blue spectacles look at you. The blue spectacles were bluer and brighter and bigger than the pretty teacher's blue eyes, and yet the expression was entirely different), "very good, indeed," she said; "and now I have a proposition for you: In the first place, you'll admit that if Moses had been the son of Pharaoh's daughter

he would have been the daughter of Pharaoh's son —"

"I don't see that," laughed the blue-eyed teacher.

"No?" exclaimed the blue spectacles in wide surprise. "It is an indisputable fact, nevertheless."

Well, those teachers discussed and discussed, and argued and argued, and finally they laughed and said they "saw it." Do you?

"What's the difference between an American Indian and a London lamp-post?" asked a gentleman teacher.

Everybody thought, and everybody gave it up.

"You can't tell me the difference between an American Indian and a London lamp-post?" asked the gentleman teacher again.

"No," said everybody.

"Then it's high time you could," said the gentleman teacher, sternly.

"Sold!" cried the pretty little teacher, as the pic-nic, with merry laughter, jumped up and began to run about the meadow again.

A TREE THAT KEEPS A STANDING ARMY.

HERE'S a story that a bright little humming-bird told me the other day. As it started from somewhere in the tropics, it grew to be a pretty long account by the time it reached me here in New York State; but it is founded strictly upon fact:

"What makes you live in such a thorny tree?" said the humming-bird to one of her neighbors who always builds her nest on the bull's-horn thorn.

"It's a capital place," said her friend. "The thorns keep the monkeys away from my babies, and the army drives off all the crawling pests that make housekeeping so troublesome to little birds in other trees."

"Army! What army?"

"Why, *our* army," said the little bird. "Don't you know that our tree keeps an army?"

You may be sure the humming-bird was surprised to hear that. I was. And if I did n't know her so well I should have suspected her of spinning travelers' yarns. But she's honest; what she says can be depended on.

To make a long story short, I'll tell you about that army-keeping tree. It's a thorn-tree, you must know, and as the thorns grow in pairs, curved out like bulls' horns, the tree gets its name from them. When the thorns are green they are soft, and filled with a sugary pulp, which is greatly liked by a kind of small black stinging ants, which are never found except on these trees, and the trees, it seems, cannot live without the ants, at least in that part of the world. The ants bite a small hole near the tip of one of each pair of thorns, then gradually eat out the interior of the two. The hollow shells make capital houses for their young ones, and never go without tenants.

How do the ants live after the houses are cleared of food? The tree attends to that. On the stem of each leaf is a honey-well, always full, where the ants can sip to their hearts' content. These wells supply them with drink. The leaves furnish the

necessary solid food, in an abundance of small yellow fruits, like little golden pears. They do not ripen all at once, but one after another, so that the soldiers have a steady supply of ever-ripening fruit to eat, and are kept busy all the time running up and down the leaves to see how their crops come on. When an ant finds a pear ready for eating, he bites the stem, bends back the fruit, and, breaking it off, carries it in triumph to the nest.

It would be a cowardly ant that would not fight for a home like that, and these ants are no cowards. Just touch a limb so as to jar it, and the valiant little soldiers will swarm out from the thorns in great numbers, and attack the intruder with jaws and stings. Not a caterpillar, leaf-cutter, beetle, or any other enemy of the tree can touch one of its leaves without paying the penalty. Thus the tree thrives where it would otherwise be destroyed; and the ants find their reward in snug houses, with plenty to drink and to eat. The small birds, which hurt neither the ants nor the leaves, also find protection with them, and, let us hope, pay good rent in morning and evening songs.

Is n't that a profitable partnership?

PIANO-FORTE KEYS.

THE escaped canary, in telling about piano-fortes the other day, remarked that the black and white keys were made of ebony-trees and elephants' tusks; and just then something made him fly away.

No doubt he'll make it all clear to me when he comes again, but just now I'll admit a piano-forte seems to me a sort of Indian jungle. How my children make music out of it, I can't imagine.

A LIVE LANTERN.

YOU think, perhaps, that there is no such thing. Look at the little glow-worms and sparkling fire-flies. Does n't each one of them carry about with him a tiny lantern to light his path.

But that is not all.

In the West Indies, and some other hot countries, as I've been told, there are distant relations of our glow-worms and fire-flies that carry much larger sparks. These insects give so much light that they are caught by the natives, and sometimes a dozen at a time are put into a gourd pierced with many holes, each too small for the insects to escape through. The opening by which they are put into the gourd is then stopped up, and the live lantern is ready to be carried about on dark nights, as you sometimes carry a glass one. A very convenient lantern the insects make, for the flame never burns anything, and never goes out.

By the way, I wonder whether the flame can be of the same sort with that that burns on the ocean? The flame with the long name—the phos-something that I told you about last month? I should n't wonder if it were so. Who will find out?

BLACK AND COLORED.

WHAT Jack wants to know is this: If black is n't a color, as Science says it is n't, why do some persons call black men colored men? And if colored men are not really black, why do some folk call colored men blacks?

THE LETTER BOX.

As the Postmaster is away from the office this month, on a vacation, the boys and girls who patronize the Letter Box must not be discouraged if some of their letters are not answered, and if they do not find in the department some things that they hoped to see. But everybody, even editorial postmasters, needs a little rest in the hot weather.

THE English version of "Le Singe Favori," our French story in the August number, will be published next month. All translations received before August 15th will be examined and credited.

We have no story for translation this month, as we do not want to give our young readers too much work to do during their holiday.

KATIE S. HOLMES and HATTIE P. WOODRUFF.—You will find that "A Story to be Told," in the August number, will afford you the opportunity you want of writing a story upon a given subject.

MINNIE THOMAS wants to know "what books George Macdonald wrote, and which are the best?" He wrote a great many books, such as "Robert Falconer," "Wilfrid Cumbermede," "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," &c. His "Gutta-Percha Willy," "Back of the North Wind," "The Princess and the Goblin," being books for young people, would perhaps please Minnie best, or she might like "Phantastes" and some other of his works of fancy and imagination. The first part of "Robert Falconer" is a capital story of the life of a boy. Minnie asks some other questions that are not so easy to answer. She wants to know "why our winters are so much warmer and our summers so much cooler than they used to be," and what would be a good name for her little baby cousin. She wants a pretty name with a good meaning. Who can give her one? There are still some other questions from Minnie, which we may answer next month.

NIX.—We do not think your problem in "Alphabetical Arithmetic" is correctly worked out. "Ten" is not a "cipher." Can you not remodel it, so as to do away with this objection?

HERE is a letter from a boy who means business:

Oswego, June 28th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If that "Young Boat-Builders" will please send you a plan for building a boat that he speaks of, will you please publish it? I was thinking about building a boat this coming vacation, which I am happy to say will begin at 12 M. July 1st, and have an extent of nine weeks; and as I shall want a boat several times during the vacation (at any rate, I always have), and cannot hire one sometimes, I think it would be better to have one of my own, for then I can have it when I want it, and when I do not want it to use, I can rent it to some of the "boys," and so it will be a source of profit as well as pleasure.

S. E. WILSON.

In answer to this note, and one of a similar nature from George T. Hobbs, we will say that we hope to print, before long, an article that will tell boys how to build boats.

M. D. C.—In Milton's "Paradise Lost" you will find the story of Ithuriel and his spear. Satan, having gained admission into the Garden of Paradise, and concealed himself there, the angel Ithuriel was appointed to look for him. He found him, sitting like a toad, close by Eve, to whom he was telling all sorts of foolish and wicked stories. Ithuriel just touched the rascal with his spear, when up he started, "discovered and surprised." You can read all about it in Book IV of "Paradise Lost." The "Spear of Ithuriel" is used sometimes as a symbol of any means by which vice is discovered and pointed out.

CHARLES H.—You can contribute to the Agassiz Memorial Fund at any time. The fact of your school having closed on the 28th of June need make no difference.

OSCAR T. CROSBY.—Your Latin story is very good; but our arrangements in regard to articles in that language prevent us from accepting the contribution.

"LOGO" wants to know the name of the artist who made the illustrations to the poem "Four Years Old," in our July number. If he had looked in the table of contents, on the second cover-page, he would have seen that the artist was Addie Ledyard, who, by the way, is the only person in this country who could have drawn those dainty pictures.

G. F. WILLIS says:

In your July number, Laura A. F. says she can make 780 words out of the letters of the word "abstemiously," but I do not understand whether she repeats letters in a single word or not.

By repeating the letters as needed, I have succeeded in finding 387 words contained in it, and all commencing with the letter "B." I have used a few words out of use.

HATTY.—The story is very well written, but we think we have read it before.

EDWIN S. BELKNAP writes from San Francisco that he has been on a trip to Santa Cruz, and he says:

I have gathered a great many shells, which I am at a loss to know how to clean.

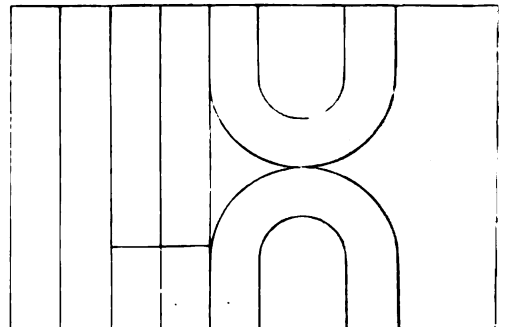
Perhaps some of the readers of the magazine live near the sea, and would be able to tell me how to clean them.

I have gathered a great many periwinkles, and know that by some process the black outside is removed and the pearly coat is seen.

Can any of you tell Edwin how to treat his shells?

X. Y. Z. sends the Letter Box the following new and ingenious puzzle, by aid of which our readers may not only pass a leisure half hour pleasantly, but they may make a delightful and instructive toy for little brothers and sisters who are "learning their letters."

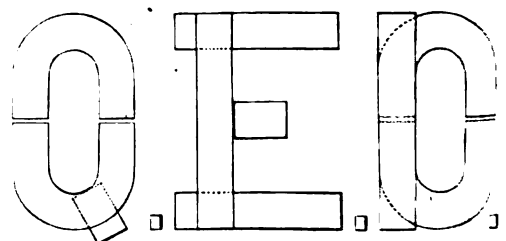
No. 1.



Take thin pasteboard, or a visiting card, and cut it in pieces of the exact shape and size shown in diagram 1. With these pieces, you can form any letter of the alphabet from A to Z, and any of the numerals from 0 to 9.

No. 2 is an example, in which our young Latin scholars will find also a special meaning:

No. 2.



THE BIRD-DEFENDERS still send in their names. We shall have an enormous army before long. Here is a whole company to begin with:

Company A, First Kansas Regiment, Army Bird Defenders.—Mattie Brinner, Adonia Quin, Sue Cooper, Nellie Franklin, Mary Cardier, Alice Clarke, Mariam Waller, Jessie Earhart, Nora Nesbit, Dora Earhart, Ada Hahn, Minnie Benjamin, Eliza Procter, Ettie Earhart, Eliza Smith, Sadie McCune, Fannie Crook, Bertha Hahn, Mary Quin, May Landon, Anna Welsh, Katie Welsh, Minnie Nesbit, Jessie Floyd, Minnie Schletzbaum, Ida Hahn, Mary Grace, Katy Mulenax, Dora Wright, Eby Brenner, Julia Dale, Jennie Price, Ellie Earhart, Lucy Cooper, Willie Franklin, George Quin, Teddie Hadnall, Eddie Franklin, Isaiah Monhollon, George Waller, Hugh McCrum, Willie Ege, Truman Floyd, and George Crook.

Mr. John A. Sea, of Doniphan, Kansas, is the recruiting-sergeant for this company, and intends to enlist volunteers until the company is increased to a battalion.

And then we have all these: James S. Newton, Sarah W. Putnam, Robin Flanders and Mella Bueb, S. C. Merrill, Julian A. Hallock, Kittie Child, Bessie Child, Alice Child, Richard Aldrich, Edward B. Cushing, L. A. Freeman, Prissie Fergus, Samuel Fergus, Ida Swindler, Frankie Freeman, Woodie Freeman, George M. Reese, Stephen Penrose, Henry A. Hippler, Ethel Fox, Mary and Henry Babetta, Helen Wordsworth, Milly Fairfax, Willie W. Nisbet, Anna Frazier, May and Jacob Bockee, Anna Buckland, Annie Kettler, Alice Buckland, Mary Buckland, Thomas A. Buckland, Johnnie Buckland, Sadie Buckland, Lee McNichols, Willie Williams, Charlie Williams, Josie Williams, M. P. Norris, Eddy C. Wilstach, Lulu Paine, Sarah E. Brown, Nellie Paine, Maggie Graham, Eddie Wilson, David Plumb, W. H. Stratford, C. H. Salter, Frank D. Rapelye, Bruno Tuma, John L. Salter, Willie Graham, Fred A. Pratt and his little brother, Louise F. Olmstead, Kitty B. Whipple, Agnes P. Roberts, M. L. Cross, Minnie Fisher, Carrie Fisher, Alice and Fanny Eddy, S. P. Hutchinson, Bertie L. Colby, Harry M. Reynand, Nellie S. Colby, and W. V. A. Catron.

One boy in this list adds to his name the proviso that no wild ducks, pigeons, &c., are included. Such a proviso is not at all necessary. Mr. Haskins' resolutions refer to the "wanton destruction" of birds, and it is just as wrong to wantonly destroy wild ducks and pigeons as tomtits or sparrows. If you want birds to eat, that is another matter.

MARY E. B.—We cannot publish all of your verses about the Match Girl, dear nine-year-old. But as you and other little girls of your age may like to see one verse in print, we give it:

A basket on her arm she had;
In it were bundles of matches.
No mittens on her hands she had;
And on her dress were patches.
But pretty soon her hands were numb,
As she had on no mittens;
And the flickering of the lamps
Was jumping just like kittens.

HARRY D. wishes to know the origin and meaning of the term "foolscap paper." Who can enlighten him?

IN ANSWER to Julia Bacon's challenge to make more than sixty-three words in common use out of the word "ecclesiastical," the following lists have been received: C. B., 125 words "in common use," and 109 not in common use, but all found in Webster's Dictionary; Ellen G. Hodges, 115, besides 17 proper names; Arthur J. Burdick, 107; Mary S. Hood, 103; Mary Trumbull, 100, besides 18 proper names; Mary Faulkner, 100, besides 12 proper and 8 geographical names; A. L. A.—y, 100; Hattie E. Crane, 99, besides 9 proper names; W. H. Danforth, 90; Robert Patterson Robins, 86, besides 4 proper names; Anna Frazier, 86; A. R. W., 86; Minnie E. Stewart, 83; Minnie H. Brow, 81; Willie W. Nisbet, 80; C. T. Howard, 77; Jennie Miller, 74; "Nanna Fife," 74; M. L. Cross, 73; Astley Atkins, 71, and Richard Aldrich, 67. Laura A. Freeman says that she found 100 words, and Minnie Gay claims 81, but neither sends a list of the words.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK also sends a list of 340 words, which he has formed from the letters of the word "metropolitan," of which Ellen G. Hodges made 180.

ALDEBARAN.—We fear your proposed puzzle would be too difficult for our young folks; but as your explanation of diamond puzzles is just what is needed by many readers, we print it entire with much pleasure:

DIAMOND PUZZLES.

As all puzzlers are aware, diamond puzzles consist in a certain number of letters placed in such a position as to form a number of words, whose area is in the form of a diamond. There are three distinct forms of the "diamond" which are now recognized by puzzlers. The first, or original diamond, consists of a number of words which read horizontally across a perpendicular word, which is called the base of the diamond. In this case, the words only read across; and for the middle horizontal word, the perpendicular is repeated,—thus:

D		D
A		HAT
N		CONIC
D		SANDALS
D A N D E L I O N		D A N D E L I O N
L		P O P L A R S
I		C H I C K
O		H O P
N		N

In the second kind, we see a decided improvement, and the credit of the change is due to a well-known head-worker who writes over the name of "Ernestus." In this case, the words all read down and across, as follows. I give the diamond which he used, and it is, I believe, the first of its kind:

R
B E T
B E G I N
R E G U L A R
T I L L Y
N A V
R

The third and latest style of diamond has two sets of words. The perpendicular differs from the centre horizontal cross-words, and the other words correspond with the same rule—thus:

R
A I D
A L G O L
L E T
L

This last diamond is based on two stars,—“Algol” and “Rigel;” and this kind is now considered to be not only the star among diamond puzzles, but also the star of all other puzzles of whatever name or nature. There is one general remark which applies to all of these styles, and it is this,—the larger the diamond, the more difficult it is to make and to solve.

I will place the three kinds side by side, and all of them made on the same base. All of these, as well as the last one given above, are original:

First kind. Simple Diamond.	Second kind. Diamond.	Third kind. Double Diamond.
R	R	R
S E T	H E R	R E D
S A G E S	H A G U E	H A G A R
R E G U L A R	R E G U L A R	S E C U R E D
S A L E S	R U L E R	R E L E T
S A T	R A R	S A D
R	R	R

I have still one other kind to offer to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, one which I never have seen before. It is No. 2 reversed. All the words can be reversed. I have not yet succeeded in making a reversible No. 3, so we shall be obliged to call the following a reversible diamond:

R		L
B E N		T E N
R E V E L	which is equivalent to	L E V E R
N E T		N E B
L		R

When any one shall succeed in making a double-diamond which is reversible, and whose perpendicular is a word of seven letters, such a person, in my opinion, will have reached the highest pinnacle of puzzling.

ALDEBARAN.

It will not do to print only such difficult problems as those sent us by "Charl" and "Aldebaran," and so we give below a little puzzle from a little boy:

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would send you a little puzzle, although I am a little boy ten years old. It is a large and important city in the United States. Its letters are mixed up. This puzzle is my first attempt. Good bye.—From J. T. W., Jr.

This is the puzzle: G H W N I S N O A T.

KITTY B. WHIPPLE.—ST. NICHOLAS is always glad to welcome good, original contributions to the Riddle Box.

Austin, Tex., April 25, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you have been so kind as to print my former question, I again write to you. I send you a puzzle this time. It is: The distance between the stations A and B is 40 miles. When and where will the passenger train from the station A, starting at 7 o'clock (in the morning), running one mile in fifteen minutes, meet with the other train from the station B, which started at 8.40 (in the morning), running one mile in ten minutes?

On the cover of my last number of ST. NICHOLAS, I read that all the girls and boys who send new subscribers this year are going to be on the list of the Roll of Honor, as the founders of the magazine. Now, I have a good many friends, and think I will get them all to subscribe, for I want the ST. NICHOLAS to come regularly for many, many years yet.—Yours truly,
HENRY STRUSSI, JR.

Who can send a correct answer to the above problem? We shall print Henry's answer next month.

TRANSLATIONS OF "SANCTI PETRI ÆDES SACRA," by the following, were received too late for acknowledgment, with others, in the August number: Donald C. McLaren, Julia Dean Hunter, Joseph Stokes, Nellie A. Metcalf, Harry Estill, "Latinæ Amator," James Sweeney.

HELEN WORDSWORTH AND MILLY FAIRFAX.—Communications concerning back numbers of *Our Young Folks* should be addressed to Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

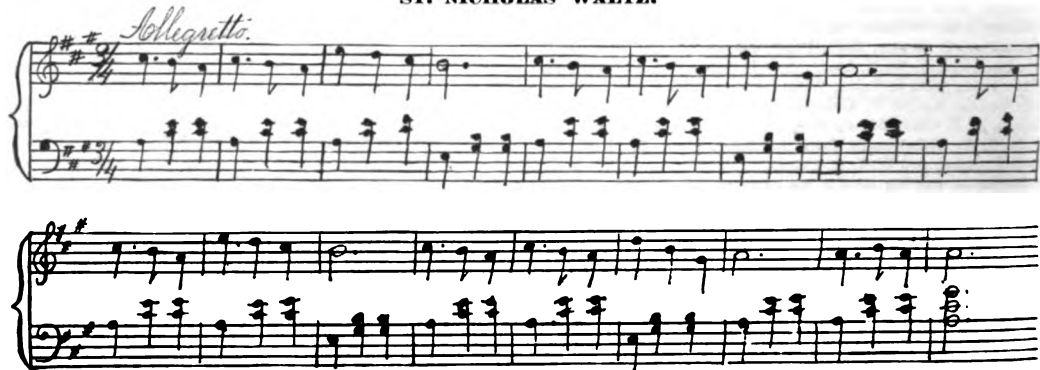
LEILA, OF VIRGINIA.—See a funny game, for sale everywhere, called HOCUS-FOCUS. Also, the Protean Cards, or Box of a Hundred Games, published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of Philadelphia.

SIRS: Will you, at the end of this year, bind the twelve numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS, if they are sent with money for binding?
"LAMBERT."

Yes. Terms will be announced hereafter.

SUSIE AND CHARLETON.—In the July number of ST. NICHOLAS, we published the names of some very simple and pleasing pieces of music for the piano, designed for beginners like yourselves. But here comes an original little "ST. NICHOLAS WALTZ," by Mary A. Leland, a little girl eleven years of age,—just one year older than you are, Susie; and believing that you and other beginners will take special interest in seeing the little girl's composition, we print a *fac-simile* of a portion of her manuscript:

ST. NICHOLAS WALTZ.



THE RIDDLE BOX.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.

THE central letters form a town of France: 1. An uninhabited island of the Malay Archipelago. 2. A city of Pennsylvania. 3. A town of Spain. 4. A town of Brazil. 5. A river of England. 6. A consonant. 7. A market town of Spain. 8. A river of Naples. 9. A market town of England. 10. A town of Lombardy. 11. A town of British India.

ALDEBARAN.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty letters. My 14, 6, 8, 5, 18 is a surgical instrument; my 17, 19, 9, 5 is an animal; my 20, 7, 4 is an adverb; my 11, 1, 10, 14 is an insect; my 16, 8, 4, 14, 13, 6 is a well-known poet; my 15, 16, 8, 6, 2 is to despise; my 14, 3, 12, 6 is a nobleman. My whole is a proverb.

S. M. G.

HIDDEN WORD.

BE not in despair, Ella, but seek a bee. Oh! forever and aye! to find one like those that are in the cabinet of the professor who lived on the Dee.

The hidden letters spell a well-known article of school furniture.

L. G.

CHARADE.

MY first is part of your face; my second you feel when you are cold; my third is a letter; and my whole is an animal.

NIP.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. To restore. 4. In order. 5. A puzzle. 6. A hag. 7. Supplies heat. 8. To repent. 9. A consonant.

FAN-FAN.

PICTURESQUE ENIGMA.



7, 8, 5.



1, 9, 10, 5.



4, 8, 12.



6, 2, 12, 3.



12, 13, 11.

THIS is a novel enigma, but can be easily understood. It should be read: "My 7, 8, 5 is"—(what the picture above the figures represents)—and so forth. The enigma is composed of thirteen letters, and the whole is something good to eat.

PUZZLE.

SIX young ladies who attended the same school were each known by a name that spelt backwards and forwards the same. Near by was a boys' school, where were three lads known by names which spelt the same either way. On Saturdays, at the time of day spelt both ways alike, the boys and girls were allowed to play together; and the mistress, whose title is spelt either way the same, often joined in their sports. Sometimes one of the girls would call a little boy by a familiar term, spelt the same either way, and he in turn would address her by another, which was spelt the same either way. One young lady, of a somewhat devout tendency, said she should like to be a woman spelt the same either way, but her companion said she held a different opinion, spelt the same either way. One of the boys had a little animal spelled both ways alike, which he called by a name spelt the same either way. Another boy had a large Newfoundland dog, which was such a giant that he called him by a name spelt backwards and forwards the same. One day, one of the young ladies was copying something, spelt the same either way, and another was taking her music-lesson; the latter mistook something that is spelled the same either way, when her teacher uttered an exclamation, spelt both ways alike, and said he was afraid that something she was using, spelt the same either way, was out of order, although he had seen her using it the other day when sewing on some cloth, spelt backwards and forwards the same. Just then a young gentleman, whose father held an office spelt the same either way, called to say he should like to take her out riding in a vehicle spelled the same either way. Being a little timid, she was inclined to refuse, but he expostulated with her, using a word that is spelt the same either way, assuring her that the horse was gentle, and the roads spelt the same either way.

"So take off that thing, which is spelled both ways the same," said he, "and come along."

Her cheeks had been flushed, but now they spelt both ways alike. They took their ride, and on the way saw a little boy trying to do something, which is spelt the same either way, with a new toy, and another lad trying to feed a chicken, sick with an infirmity that is spelt the same either way, with some food, spelt either way alike, while a party whom he addressed by a name that is spelt either way the same, stood looking on.

A. S.

SEXTUPLE SQUARE WORD.

1. THROUGH passing centuries about me clings
The wealth which rich association brings.
2. An overcoat I might be called in jest,
Though under me was never worn a vest;
Part of a flower, part of the human frame,
And a fair open leaf, all own my name.
3. Against my third, our nation, as you know,
Rebellel about a hundred years ago.
4. My fourth in many a shady spot is found,
To gladden by its beauty all the ground;
And when you see it after summer storms,
One-seventh of something beautiful it forms.
5. My fifth you do when, writing to a friend,
You've brought your long epistle to an end.
6. My sixth I so despise, and all about it,
I wish that I might square my word without it;
Heads that hold fewest solid thoughts may use it,
Let wiser ones persistently refuse it. J. P. B.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



BLANK SQUARE.

FILL the blanks with words forming a square: There is not a — of truth in this — which says that the — was bought for —.

NIP.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH for grapes and fall-pippins and blushing maples! October is at hand. Are you not glad, my dears? By the way, I heard the pretty school-teacher say that the word October came from the Latin *Octo*, meaning "eight." How do you make that out? It's the *tenth* month, or my name is not Jack. Very likely, though, those long-ago folk, who spoke Latin even on week-days, arranged the months to suit themselves.

Look into this matter, my dears. Did the ancient Roman youngsters wish each other a "Happy New Year" on the first of January? or, if not, when and wherefore?

GOOD NEWS!

GOOD news, children! Here's something that a house-cricket heard somebody say, and he immediately told it to a canary; the canary told it to a sparrow; the sparrow told it to my friend, R. Redbreast; and my friend, R. Redbreast, told it to me:

Mr. Trowbridge's grand new story for the next volume of ST. NICHOLAS, though it will be complete in itself, is to have a great deal in it about Jack Hazard and Vinnie! And Miss Alcott's story will tell about some girls that you can't help being delighted with. Miss Alcott is away up in the mountains writing the story for you at this very moment! Should n't you like to peep over her shoulder?

I don't read serial stories myself, but I know how you youngsters delight in them, and as I'm sure these will not do you a bit of harm, I'm right glad to know of the treat in store for you.

METEORS.

MANY a time when I wake and lean back in my pulpit on clear nights, I see meteors or shooting stars. I don't know much about them as yet; only, in fact, the names by which a few different nations have called them. Strange as you may think it, my birds, know more about nations than they do about astronomy. I suppose that is because the nations are very much nearer to them than the stars. Though they live in the sky so much

of the time, they really can't see a planet much better than we can; and I know as a positive fact that they're very much more afraid of a shooting gun than of a shooting star.

By the way, if any of you children think that a so-called "shooting star" is an actual *star* darting through space, you must study up on the subject. The Swedes were no wiser than the English in naming the fall of meteors *stjärnjfall*, nor the Italians in calling it *stella-cadente*, both meaning star-fall, for they, too, once considered it as the falling of stars from their places in the heavens.

The Germans call meteors *stern-schnuppe*, or star-snuff, from a queer notion once held by the ignorant that once in awhile the stars should be snuffed like candles or their light would grow dim!

I remember hearing long ago, that whenever a star shot across the sky a soul had passed away from earth. But now we know that, whatever else meteors may be, they are not stars, nor snuff, and that, so far, they have had nothing to do with the passing of souls from earth.

PAYING HIM BACK.

HERE comes a letter giving a true incident that happened the other day in New Jersey:

Montclair, August 8th, 1874.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I would like to tell you of something that occurred under my own eyes to one of those creatures who, as you say, "are wise and keep silent." To us, who have not always lived in the country, the incident was very interesting. A day or two ago, after a severe thunder-storm, James, the coachman, found that several birds had sheltered themselves in a small tool-house near our cottage. Among them was an owl. He put it into an old canary-bird cage, and brought it to us to look at. It is not often that one gets so near a view of one of these curious creatures. The cage was then placed just back of the house on a frame made to hold milk-pans. There he sat all day, not moving from the perch, occasionally rolling his eyes, but not seeing much, as those organs are more useful to him at night than in the daylight.

The day passed on, and we had almost forgotten that our owl was there, when we heard such a chattering while we were at supper that we ran to the door to see what it could mean. There we found Mr. Owl surrounded by a great company of sparrows, blue-birds, wrens, robins, all excited and noisy, flying about, sitting on the trees close by, hovering over the cage, and all showing signs of rage. It seemed as if they felt their enemy was in their power and they would like to tear him to pieces. They could not very well attack him, as he was in the cage, and the small door, which was open, was scarcely large enough to allow them to make a combined assault. Soon, when it began to get dusky, he came out of the cage in the midst of the commotion, and started for the woods near the house, the small birds in full pursuit, screaming and scolding. As we saw no more of them, we suppose that he reached his shelter in safety.

I would like to know if small birds ever are able to destroy this devourer of themselves and their little ones. Celia Thaxter speaks of a large white owl that she saw sitting high on a rock, surrounded by snow-birds.

"The snow-birds swept in a whirling crowd
About him gleefully,
And piped and whistled long and loud,
But never a plume stirred he."

I remain, dear Mr. Jack, yours truly,
J. E. D.

Jack never heard of a case where small birds succeeded in killing an owl. It is quite common in Great Britain, I'm told, to use owls as a kind of bird-snare. The sleepy bird is secured and exposed in open sight during the daytime. Very soon numbers of small birds collect, and thinking at last that they have their enemy in their power they hover about and taunt him in every possible way. But the owl only blinks at them in the most tantalizing manner. He knows, wise bird! what

it all means, and that the birds are caught in their own trap; for thus congregated, they fall easy victims to the hunters, while he is left unharmed.

THREE SUNRISSES A DAY.

ONE of my birds, in telling me of something, has just put a scientific riddle into my head:

Where and how can you see the sun rise and set two or three times within three or four hours?

Why, by rising in a balloon to about 12,000 feet and watching for morning effects.

Three gentlemen who made an ascent from London in the autumn of 1836 saw this very thing, and I'd be obliged if the ST. NICHOLAS editors would kindly print a few words of the account for you, if only to set you thinking:

At 5.10 in the morning of November 8, Messrs. Holland, Mason and Green, who had left London the day before, were at an elevation of 12,000 feet. The view spread over an area of 300 miles diameter. At 6.15 the sun rose to them. It set as they descended; and rose and set again, and at last appeared a third time ascending the horizon. About 7.30 they succeeded in finding a resting-place, which proved to be in the Duchy of Nassau, near the town of Weilburg, about 500 miles from London.

SCOTCH PIG.

YOU'VE heard of the piper, my dears, who bade the cow consider; have you not? But that's neither here nor there. What I want *you* to consider is Scotch pig. What is it? What is it good for? Is it better than our American pork? Is it pork at all?

It's black, I am told, and very heavy of its size; also, immense quantities of it are exported every year to these United States. A talkative black-bird, who had been to a Caledonian pic-nic, tried to tell me about it; but all I could make out was

"carboniferous formations," whatever they are, "rich beds," "black band," "West of Scotland," "soft and running" and "cheap." Not very satisfactory, you'll admit.

But your young eyes and bright wits will soon put this pig where he belongs, I'm thinking.

SLEEPY-PLANT.

LIVE without sleep! A Jack-in-the-Pulpit live without sleep? Preposterous! I've just heard of a boy saying that he wished he was like the plants and flowers, so that he could live without sleep. You see, the little fellow liked to study hard, and keep at the head of all his classes, and, at the same time, he wanted to play, and to spend a good deal of time in roaming about the woods and fields, and he did n't very well see how he could do all of these things and sleep too.

When I heard this I laughed till my pulpit fairly

shook under me at thinking what a miserable-looking Jack I should soon be if I tried to live without sleep.

Now, I advise this young gentleman to go into his papa's garden two or three hours after sunset, and see how the plants have folded in their leaves and are nodding their graceful flowers in sleep.

Why, bless your hard little brown fist, my boy! plants and flowers can no more live and grow without sleep than boys and girls can.

My friend Poll Parrot has told me about a South American plant, which sleeps so much and so often, that the Spanish call it *dormideras*, or sleepy-plant. Very likely some of my ST. NICHOLAS children have seen one of these plants in a conservatory, and have heard it called *mimosa*, or sensitive-plant. It has very delicate, feathery leaves, that go to sleep at any time of day or night if but a fly lights on them; so the parrot told me. In our cold climate the sleepy-plant can't live out-of-doors, excepting in very warm weather; but after all, it must be better off than in its own country, for there, I am told, the great herds of cattle eat the sensitive-plants in preference to grass. Perhaps, now (queer I did n't think of it before)—perhaps they go to sleep so easily on purpose that they may not feel the wounds when their delicate tops are torn off. Who knows?

THE BEACH OF ST. MICHAEL.

"Now, children," said the pretty school-teacher one day, during a pic-nic in our meadow, "I'll translate for you a strange legend of Brittany, from the French of Emile Souvestre. First I must tell you that though legends are not true stories, these Brittany legends are firmly believed in by many of the French peasants.

"Once upon a time," began the pretty teacher, "where now is seen nothing but the sand of the beach of St. Michael there was a great city, which was swallowed up under the dunes for its wickedness."

"Teacher," said a little girl, timidly, "please what is a dune?"

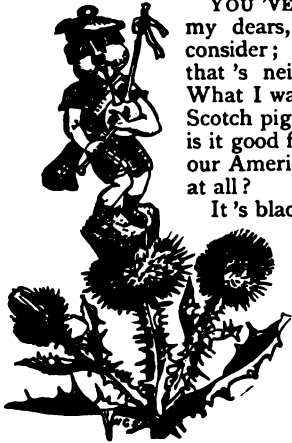
The teacher looked patiently and inquiringly around the group of children.

"Dunes," said a big boy, stoutly, "are hills of movable sand. They are common along the coast of England, France, Holland and other places."

"Very good," said the teacher, approvingly; and, still keeping her finger on the page before her, she read on:

"Every year at Pentecost, at the first stroke of midnight, a passage opens, leading to a grand hall, brilliantly lighted, where great treasures of the buried city are heaped up. But at the last stroke of midnight the passage closes with a loud rumbling, and the city remains hidden and in darkness until Pentecost comes again. Some men, too daring, seeking what God wishes to hide, have tried to penetrate into the lighted hall, but not one of them has ever returned."

"Oh!" exclaimed two or three of the girls with a heavy sigh, and then they all rose and passed on.



THE LETTER BOX.

BOYS AND GIRLS!—Many of you have written welcome letters to ST. NICHOLAS, telling of the pleasant work you have learned to do from directions given in these pages; but this sweet little note from a Boston boy pleases us most of all. You will be pleased too when you read it. John's beautiful little house is before us as we write, and we do not wonder at his delight in making it. If any of you know of any pleasant employment for his deft little fingers, send him word through the Letter Box.

Boston, July 20th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little lame boy. I was hurt by a fall two years ago, and have been lame ever since. I cannot play all games like other boys, but "Christmas City," in the May number of ST. NICHOLAS, taught me how to amuse myself. I have made all the patterns given, and more than one of many of them. I am going to send one to you. Dr. Grey thinks my little city is wonderful, and everybody thinks it pretty. I am very proud of it. I hope you will give us some more patterns. The doctor told mamma it was vastly better than medicine for me. The little church is perfectly beautiful. I am eleven years old. Please put me down a Bird-defender.

JOHN STURTEVANT.

MR. JOHN A. S., who sends a list of bird-defenders, writes:

ST. NICHOLAS: The above names are from my school. I have kept ST. NICHOLAS upon my desk in the school-room ever since it came out, and I find it a capital text-book. I also find that it is a great help in governing. The children look forward eagerly for the coming of a new magazine, and as Jack does not like idle girls and boys, we have good lessons. Please tell Jack that his paragraphs are fine things for school, since they put all the pupils at work studying, in order to find out something about the wonderful things of which he tells them. He kept my department busy for three days on the transit of Venus. I would tell them nothing until they first told me all they could learn of it. It was an excellent exercise. You may also enroll me in this company.

JOHN A. SEA.

The names of Mr. Sea and his boys were printed in the September Letter Box, under the head of "First Kansas Regiment, Army of Bird-defenders."

LUCY G. T., "HARRY," and others.—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, Publishers, New York, have offered to receive contributions toward the Hans Christian Andersen Fund, and forward the money to the noble old poet, to whom we all owe so much. You can each send your subscription to these gentlemen, or to the editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, and it will be sure to go safely to its destination. We hope all our boys and girls who enjoy Hans Andersen's stories, and who are able to spare even ten cents, will join in this good cause.

As Andersen is a Dane, his stories are written in Danish; but they have been translated into English and all the other languages of Europe. If the publishers of various countries who have printed translations of his work had paid him the sum on each copy sold, that, as an author, he had a moral right to expect, he would be a very rich man to-day. But there is no international law to enforce this, and it is stated that, except in the case of one New York publisher, he has never received any payment for his writings outside of his native Denmark.

But his friends, the children, may, in a measure, make some amends for this wrong. Hans Christian Andersen is an old man now, and in very feeble health. He is not in need of charity, and would be deeply wounded if it were offered, but he is in need of justice and of true recognition from those who owe a great deal of enjoyment to him. It will do his noble heart good to receive a testimonial from the boys and girls of America; and if the testimonial goes in the form of money it may buy him certain luxuries and comforts that will cheer and brighten his old age, provided it does not go to him too late.

MARY E. DE F.—Read White's "Natural History of Selborne," which you will find in almost any public library. It will give you what you need, and also afford you some capital hints in the way of giving clear accounts of what you see and hear. You are not correct in saying "long words certainly are the most important." Webster, in preparing his big dictionary, found it necessary to give two entire columns to the little word GO, and three to its kinsman RUN; but he despatches the mighty word VALETUDINARIANISM in about one line.

PERHAPS the best way of sending this letter to Jack is to commit it to the care of our boys and girls:

Vallejo, Cal., Aug. 1, 1874.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have seen "water on fire," such as you tell of in August ST. NICHOLAS. It was when I was coming from New York to San Francisco by steamer. From Panama to Matzan we saw lots of it every night in the wake of the steamer. It was very pretty. I liked it very much. Mamma said it was "phosphorescent light." There is one thing more, dear Jack: I want to be one of the Bird-defenders.—Yours respectfully,

HELEN T. BROWN (aged 9 years).

Jasper Scott, H. E. F., "Ned," and several others have finished Jack's "phos—" for him; and Charles Corey, who joins the Bird-defenders, writes "phosphorescence" with the rest.

GOOD ADVICE.—I would like to tell all the little ST. NICHOLAS people whom the October number may find in the country, to take with them when they go walking, a stiff-covered, half-worn book, about as long as this magazine, plucking, as they go along, delicate fern, wild strawberry, lily of the valley, birch, and ivy leaves (wreaths of the latter), and putting them in the book, one in each place, being careful to lay each tiny part of every leaf perfectly smooth between the leaves of the book.

Here will be the foundation for a work of art that will surprise them by the simplicity of its execution, and its beauty when finished.

The book containing the leaves may be laid away until some stormy day next winter, before which time I hope to be allowed to tell what to do with them.

The leaves should be pressed *now*; they cannot be found in the fields and woods next winter.

AUNT LIBBIE.

"PLYMOUTH ROCK."—Yes, the author of the Latin story, "Sancti Petri Edes Sacra," furnished the translation which was published in the August number.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.—Again we have to record a list of recruits to the Army of Bird-defenders. There must now be a great many boys and girls in this movement. Will some member be so good as to count them for us and send in a report? Ever since the publication of the "preamble and resolutions" in our December number, scores of young folks from all parts of the Union have flocked to the ranks, pledging themselves never to wantonly injure the birds, and to give them all the protection in their power. Here are some new names and lists just received—heartyly welcome, one and all: Richard L. Hovey, Helen T. Brown, Joseph S. Steele, Charles Corey, Ella Moore, Anna J. Ewing, Howard B. Smith, Gertie Bradley, Frank H. Burt, Emma C. Preston, Carrie A. Johnson, John Sturtevant, Oscar Hale, George C. Parker, Lidie V. R. Parker, John W. Parker, Jimmy Rogers, Lulu and Willie Habirshaw, Alexander Wiley, Harry Brandt, Ira Coover, Luke Herring, Bertha E. Saltmarsh, Willie H. Frost, Edwin C. Frost, Charles C. McLaughlin, Frank Collins, Carlos Collins, Eddie Lindeman Davenport, Libbie Yocum, T. Miller, Laura Yocum, Nannie Yocum, J. H. Yocum, W. C. Miller, Emily Miller, Kleyda Richardson, and Elliott Verne Richardson.

Jessie A. Hall's list: Allie F. Chapin, A. M. Billings, Clara Coates, Fannie Deane, Lizzie Z. Whitney, Nina Z. Hall, Mary H. Pratt, Mira Thornton, Albert T. Hall, Frank J. Pratt, George Thompson, Miss Mattie E. Lucy, and Mrs. E. A. Hall.

Mary C. Ayers, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends the following names besides her own: Edith E. Ayers, Morton H. Ayers, Theodore May, Oscar May, Frank T. Bowman, Bessie J. Bowman, Florence A. Bowman, and George H. Bowman.

Edw. W. Robinson sends his own name and the following list: Joseph Greenthall, Joseph Strausser, Sol. Kayser, John Smith, Henry Lafor, John H. Hanan, Louis Vogler, Lewis Robertson, Sam Manheimer, David Manheimer, Julius Lamkay, Adam Fox, Andy Acker, Frederick Acker, Emanuel Bach, Henry A. Van Praag, Edward Dennerlein, Emil Nehl, and Moses Berg.

Katie Bachert and Mary Morris, of Cleveland, Ohio, join the army, and also send the following list: Sarah Barnett, Julia Floyd, Maggie Wolfe, Annie Hundertmark, Minnie Hundertmark, Emma Schyslar, Sophie Schyslar, Wm. Gelz, Mrs. B. Bachert, Jno. M. Bachert, Lizzie Kline, Fannie Robertson, Laura Roberts, Carrie Brightman, Louise Elmer, and Flora Lloyd.

And here comes another list from Ohio, sent by Ambrose Morris,

of Canton: Willis Earnshaw, Charley Remillet, Willic Shower, Willie Rogers, M. A. Earnshaw, George Best, August Holland, Charley E. Wilson, E. H. Morris, Cary Roberts, Norviel Earnshaw, Willie Yant, James Wherry, Frankie Singer, Patrick Welsh, and Levite Best.

ST. NICHOLAS IN THE WEST.—We are delighted to see many evidences that these pages are as thoroughly enjoyed by the children of the far West as by those nearer New York. Scores of our stoutest and most enthusiastic Bird-defenders send their names from beyond the Mississippi, and the Letter Box constantly testifies to the hearty interest of our far-away young friends. Therefore we fully appreciate an item in the *Nebraska City News*, which says: "One of the prettiest sights we have seen this year was that of a little girl, perched upon a hitching-post in Laramie street, eagerly reading ST. NICHOLAS by the light from one of the street-lamps."

TWO GOOD PIECES FOR RECITATION.—Our crowded space compels us to disappoint many correspondents who will look for a "speaking piece" in this number of ST. NICHOLAS. In our second volume, which begins next month, we hope to offer many excellent pieces for recitation. Meantime, to "Mamie," "Concord Boy," and "Fidget," we recommend "The Wind and the Moon," by George Macdonald. It is a fine, breezy, dramatic little poem, in eleven easy verses—just the thing to recite. You will find it on page 244 of "Sheldon's Fourth Reader" (Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York), which, by the way, is the best "Fourth Reader" for school use or home instruction that we have yet seen. Harry V. L., "Winnie's Brother," and others will find precisely the speaking piece they need on page 326 of this same Fourth Reader.

ROYAL TOM OF CHICAGO.—Here is a letter from a little Chicago girl, eleven years of age:

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It seems as if all the children in the United States were bragging about their smart cats. Now, I don't brag, for it's the truest truth that my Tom is, without any doubt, the champion cat of North America. If you could see him, you would give him the prize, and he deserves it too. On Sundays he wears a bright green ribbon on his neck, which makes him look gay and handsome as a picture. He is so bright and smart that he almost talks. As for his queer tricks, the Letter Box would not contain half of them; but I must tell you of one of his sharp practices:

A wire that rings the front-door bell comes along under the house, up through the kitchen floor. This champion cat has noticed that some of us always open a certain door when this bell is rung. So what should he do one night but try his skill. We were all reading in the sitting-room, when the bell began ringing in such a hurry! Mother said our fortune had come. I thought some little girls had come to see us; so I went to let in the children, or take the box of diamonds,—but what do you think? No one was there, and yet we all heard the ringing! What makes children feel so shivery, if they open the door to let in whoever rang, and they see no one there? The first thought is bad boys; the next is goblins; then, if the hall-lamp is not lit, just think what a long, long time it takes to get where you can tell what is coming next. In a few moments, however, I happened to open the kitchen door, when I walked Mr. Tom. Since that time, he has kept up his trick, and rings whenever he wants to come in—so often, in fact, that papa says we ought to keep a page to open the door for his royal highness. NETTIE E. WILLIAMS.

Detroit, Mich., July 11.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two sisters, and we belong to your army of Bird-defenders. May we tell you of one instance of intelligence in a bird, that has always seemed to us very wonderful? My sister and myself were sitting in our courtyard in New York City, when we heard a sudden rustling and chirping from a hole under the wall. We ran to see what was the matter, and found that a little sparrow had fallen from its nest and struggled into a hole only just large enough to receive it. We tried to draw it out, but the poor little thing was terribly frightened, and shrank back so that we could not reach it, and we returned to our play. In a few minutes, the mother bird appeared and flew down to the hole, chirping and calling to the little one; but it was too frightened to stir. Then the old bird flew away, and in a moment came back with a worm in her mouth, which she laid just inside the hole. The little bird hopped forward to eat it, and the mother laid another still nearer the entrance, and then another, till finally the little one stood entirely without. Wasn't that clever? We wanted to put it in the nest again, but we were called away, and when we returned both birds were gone. Don't you suppose the old sparrow thought it all out?—Yours truly,

ALICE AND FANNY EDDY.

WARSAW, N. Y., August 8, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a flower-bed, with a great many pretty flowers in it. Yesterday I found a *double pansy*, and papa said I might send it to you. Will you ask the children who read the ST. NICHOLAS if they have ever found any? I was seven last March. I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. IRVING DANN.

Thanks, Irving. The double pansy is so pretty and curious that we wish we could show it, with its bright colors, to all the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS. It looks, at first sight, like one flower; but, on examination, proves to be two perfect pansies growing, back to back, from one stem.

CHARLETON G. C., who, we are pleased to hear, is going to "try Grace Hunter's plan, in the August Letter Box," says he is an invalid, and cannot go up and down stairs, so he has a flower-bed "on the roof of the piazza." Every day he is rolled in his easy chair "right out of the bedroom into this garden;" "for it is a real, true, beautiful garden," he adds, "if it is on top of a piazza—isn't it, ST. NICHOLAS?" Yes, Charleton, and a lovely garden, we should say, judging from your letter,—a sort of "hanging garden," for the "hanging gardens" of Babylon were in something of this style. Perhaps, too, a garden in another sense, of which you probably have not thought. The word *garden* originally meant girded or *guarded*,—that is, enclosed. Our Saxon forefathers called any fenced or walled spot not covered by a roof, a garden; and no place, however beautifully laid out or gay with flowers, was known as a garden unless it had a fence or hedge about it.

A STORY TO BE TOLD.

In the August number of ST. NICHOLAS, page 617, we presented six pictures, requiring a story to be told about them, and invited all our boys and girls to tell it. The response has been as surprising as it has been pleasant. Day after day, and from every direction, the stories have been pouring in,—long stories, short stories; sad stories, funny stories, straightforward stories, roundabout stories, and stories so mixed up that the three candid persons who examined them were in danger of losing their wits.

Still they persevered, sometimes praising, sometimes condemning mildly, and sometimes mercifully laying aside utter failures in solemn silence, until on the last day, August 15, the allotted time being up, they settled down to the difficult task of deciding which was the very best story on hand.

And difficult indeed it proved to be. The stories, though wonderfully alike in plot, were so varied in style, spirit and execution, and so nearly balanced as to good and bad qualities, that it seemed impossible to say which was best in every respect. The committee considered and reconsidered. First a doggerel by George V. was pronounced best, but was set aside because it evidently was written by a grown person. Then a funny boyish imitation of Victor Hugo, by *L'Homme qui rit*, stood No. 1; then the quiet "Harry's Lesson," by Alice W. I.; then "Johnny's Holiday," by Bonny Doon, ranked highest, except that its length exceeded the allowed limit by nearly a thousand words. Finally the committee, after taking every point into consideration, decided in favor of Master George M. Griffith, of Blandford, Mass., at the same time resolving that Honorable Mention should be made of the boys and girls who most closely competed with Master Griffith, viz: Susie A. M., George Bunner, Bertha F.—n, L'Homme qui Rit, Charles B. P., Philip C. K., Alice W. I., Lizzie Greenway (best penmanship), H. W. S., Herbert H. W., Annie A. F., Minnie Fisher, "Flo," Henry R. H., Lillie L. B., T. J. Dela H., Bertie M. G., Hezekiah H.—ll, Ralph R. S., "Nimpo," Frank F. B., Martha J. D., Mabel D., W. R. Jones, N. G. P., Fred M. L., Lulu Albee, George M. R., "Allie," May Ogden, Tony Tompkins, Laura Chamberlin (the last two were the best pair of very short stories), Lawrence P., Lizzie F. S., Georgiana P. C., "Sweet Pea," W. L. B., "Fressie," Willie H. F., Clarence H. C., Sergeant P. M., Mattie V. D., and Bessie B. R.

Besides the above, special mention should be made of stories written by two very little girls, Julia Plummer R. and Arabella Ward.

CRUEL SPORT: A TRAGEDY.

Johnny Bates needed—as many boys do—decision of character, or in other words, strength and firmness to resist temptation. Therefore, when his aunt told him he might go to his Uncle Jim's to tea, she was morally certain that he would get into mischief before he reached

there; but as Johnny was just as morally certain that he would not, she let him go, with many warnings.

A little out of the village, just where Tobias Green's high board fence shut off the frog-pond from fun-loving boys, he met Tom Lawkins and Bill White, two big boys, and Pat Garvey, a little shock-headed fellow, with a pair of blue overalls held by one suspender. Pat was much admired by the boys, and feared by some, for his funny tricks and practical jokes.

"Oh, my! we've got new clothes, have n't we? and us is going to see us's little girl. 'Um! Ah!'" said Tom, in a mocking voice as he eyed Johnny's fine Sunday-go-to-meeting suit over Bill's shoulder.

Now, it is repugnant to every boy to have his clothes made fun of, and it is, to say the least, slightly embarrassing to have any little girl you have a liking for poked at you, and to have both of these coupled in one sentence is simply exasperating. But Johnny swallowed his wrath, or as you might say, "lumped" it as you would a dose of quinine, and said, in a particularly hail-fellow, well-met air,—that is, for him:

"Well, fellows, what's going on now?"

"Oh, only a little money venture."

This from Pat, who was called by most of the boys "Gravy." He spoke the last two words with a kind of a smack, as if he liked the sound.

Now I would not like to say that Johnny was a mercenary boy, but just now money had a peculiar attraction for him on account of a certain kite at the village store.

"I say," quoth John, "do tell me, 'Gravy.'"

"Not till you 'let up' in bein' so proud," said Pat.

"Oh, I'm not proud; am I?" said Johnny, turning around to appeal to the other boys; but they were gone off.

After a little more teasing, Pat said:

"Well, then, I'll tell you. One of the village boarders has promised me ten cents for every pair of frogs' hind-legs we get him. Oh, but you're such a 'fraid cat you would n't dare go."

Johnny gave an undecided grunt.

After a little more fun, "Gravy" changed his tactics to coaxing.

"Come now, Johnny, you go with me and ——" But John, with a sanctimonious look, put his hand on his breast, and said:

"My aunt said not to get into mischief."

"But this aint mischief," said "Gravy," patting him patronizingly on the back, and pointing toward the board fence, "The frog-pond aint far off neither."

"But how can we get over? Perhaps he may see us," feebly remonstrated Johnny.

"No one is in the lot," said "Gravy," peering through a crack in the fence. "You just creep right under here," he added, pushing aside the bushes and showing a hole under the fence. "Hurry, now." And before Johnny knew it, he was under the fence and Pat after him.

"Now, come quick." And in a few minutes they were wading their way through the deep grass to the frog-pond.

In a few moments they were deep in the excitement of hunting the poor froggies, and did not realize how time flew.

During a specially hard chase for one of the frogs, the little animal seated himself under a log that jutted out over the water. Upon this "Gravy" climbed over first, and was just raising his stick to demolish the frog when Johnny, who was creeping out after him, all of a sudden whispered, "Oh, my! Tobias Green's coming!"

The effect of that whisper was something dreadful. In an instant, "Gravy" had jumped off the log, which shook it so that off tumbled Johnny into the mud and slime of the frog-pond.

Tobias Green did n't make much "bones" of throwing John over the high board fence, and the poor fellow had to walk home as he was, nearly covered with mud.

He slunk through the "by-ways and hedges" as he said; and the thought that rankled in his bosom most was that Pat, as he ran off, shouted out, "Well, 'tany rate, your clothes have had a christening, Jack."

At the gate, he met his sister Sally, who just gasped, "Why, John Bates!" and led him to his aunt. Her horror-stricken face sent Johnny into fresh tears.

"Why, John Bates! where have you been? Your uncle's been here to get you, and I know these clothes'll never wash. O, dear!"

But she took him into the house and gave him a cookie, only saying, "It's half-past six, and time you had a decent supper;" for with all her cross words she pitied him, and tried to soothe him with everything but words.

If you feel at all concerned about his clothes, you have only to look at the picture, and you will see them on the line. They do look quite decent, after all, so there is something consoling in this tragedy.

GEO. M. GRIFFITH.

On second thoughts, we have decided to let our young readers see George Valentyne's pathetic account of

THE LUCKLESS BOY WHO FELL IN.

To the district school in our town,
Went Bobby Patchet and Marmaduke Brown
And a lot of other boys,

To whom we do not intend to refer in this narrative, as they were too numerous to mention and only prominently remarkable for making a noise.

Bobby Patchet was round and fat,
He went bareheaded 'cause he had n't a hat.
He needed a coat.

Also, as well as several other articles that go to make up a gentleman's wardrobe, but which he did without, as he had no cash wherewith to make purchases, and the storekeeper refused
To accept his note.

Little cared he for pride or riches,
While one suspender held his breeches.
He went out to play

As a regular business, which he conducted with that constant energy and close attention so characteristic of American youth
At the present day.

Marmaduke Brown was longer of limb,
Taller and just a trifle more slim
Than Master Bobby Patchet;

And dressed constantly in store-clothes, for his parents were more wealthy than Bobby's, and if his mother had seen him in the street in as careless a costume as Bobby's, she would have told him to go right into the house, where

He'd have been sure to "catch it."

His clothes were clean, and bright, and new,—
His jacket and cap a beautiful blue,—
His shoes were elegant fits;

But his capacity for getting into trouble with his wearing apparel and disarranging his garments, was sufficient to worry his pains-taking mother

Almost out of her wits.

To search for knowledge is noble—hence,
Bobby Patchet peeped through the fence
That guarded a bog

Near by the Patchet residence, where in the cool of the evening he had often heard the mellifluous,
Trilling song of a frog.

Marmaduke Brown, splendidly dressed
From top to toe in his Sunday best,
Was going down street,

On his way to visit his uncle's family, at whose delightful home he hoped to remain for several days, if convenient,
When whom should he meet

But Bobby Patchet after a stick,
With which he meant to kill very quick
That frog in the bog.

So he generously invited Master Brown to come and see the fun, also promising to exhibit afterward a recent acquisition by the Patchet family, viz.,

A large yellow dog.

Passing the fence, they joyfully see,
In proper position, a root of a tree
Over the bog.

With stealthy steps and hurried care, they make their way out upon the exposed root, toward the clump of vegetation whereon reposed, in watchful idleness,

The aforesaid frog.

Marmaduke, carefully balancing, stood
Over the mud-hole as long as he could,
And then tumbled in.

Ker—splash—much to Bobby's surprise, scaring away Mr. Frog and discovering the depth of the mud to be
Just up to his chin.

Scrambling and crawling out of the mire,
Came Marmaduke Brown in his Sunday attire,
And started for home,

Carrying with him a large quantity of—and dropping along the road at intervals samples of—a rich, creamy, well-moistened,
Light yellow loam.

Marmaduke's sister, Sophronia Brown,
Met him returning, and, holding her gown
Back out of the dirt,

Took him by the shoulder, and, marching him around to the back-door, went for him with an old broom and a pail of water, only stopping to see

How much he was hurt.

Marmaduke's clothing hangs out on the line;
He stays in the house under guard feminine
All the day long.

But Bobby Patchet is still hunting for that frog; for if he does not catch him, he is sure that in the cool of the evening will be repeated, without request, the somewhat
Monotonous song.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

RIDDLE.

My first is refreshing; oh! many it's fed;
My next is a prominent part of the head;
My third lends to beauty its power to please;
My fourth is the very quintessence of ease;
My fifth is the head of all species of fun.
My whole is a criminal good people shun.

A. S.

ENIGMA.

The answer contains thirteen letters, and is the name of a plant. The 8, 2, 4, 13, 10 is a plant; the 1, 9, 6, 5, 11 is an opening; the 12, 3, 7 is a vessel. RUTHVEN.

ANAGRAMMATICAL BLANKS.

(Fill the first blank with a word the letters of which may be used in filling the following blanks.)

THE — in Summer's hues we saw
Near the — of the mountain's brow;
The favoring — far behind,
And — some were the songsters now.
Down in the — the willows waved
The streamlet — us far away;
Into the sunlit, rocky —,
Where we could ramble — the day.

ALDEBARAN.

REBUS, No. 1.



CLASSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. WAS — supposed to have carried an —? 2. Did — ever cross the Isthmus of —? 3. Were not both — and — produced by Juno striking the earth? 4. — must frequently have encountered a —. 5. Oh, —! arouse from thy long —. 6. We will appeal to — the god of —. 7. Depart, pale — from —.

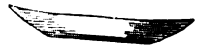
RUTH.

A PICTURE PUZZLE.

MINNIE sat down, one morning, to make some drawings in her sketch-book. She looked out at the window, and saw an old bucket. She took great pains with her sketch, and, after awhile, produced a drawing like this:



Next she drew a picture of an old pewter wash-basin which was sitting on a shelf. Here you see the picture of the basin:



Then she tried to draw the profile of the boy who washed his face in the basin. Her work was not very satisfactory this time.

Her next trial was a drawing of a brush which was used to sweep up the ashes from the hearth. This is the picture of the brush:



She looked out in the yard again, and spied a croquet mallet with a broken handle. It was soon transferred to the sketch-book.

Then she drew a picture of one of the wickets, from memory. This was not hard to do, as you may judge from this:



Her riding-whip was resting against the wall, so she made a sketch of that.

Just then her string of beads broke. After she had gathered them together, she commenced to draw them; but, as the sketch looked very much out of proportion, she did not finish it. Here it is:



At last, Minnie cut the drawings out and put them together, like a "dissected" map; and, behold! they formed the picture of what her grandfather termed "A young man 'of ye olden time.'"

By tracing these pictures, and then cutting them out and putting them together, you can make the same picture that Minnie made.

LUCIUS GOSS.

DECAPITATED RHYMES.

If I were captured by a —
It sure would make me very —
My captor would I soundly —
And poison everything he —

SYNCOPEATIONS.

1. SYNCOPEATE a pronoun, and get a possessive. 2. Syncopeate a measure, and get a plant. 3. Syncopeate anger, and get a place. 4. Syncopeate fleeced, and get preserved. 5. Syncopeate-renown, and get bloody.

H. B. F.

REBUS, No. 2.



CROSS WORD.

My first is in lost, but not in found;
 My second is in hit, but not in pound;
 My third is in poor, but not in rich;
 My fourth is in tar, but not in pitch;
 My fifth is in money, but not in gold;
 My sixth is in young, but not in old;
 My seventh is in pike, but not in rock;
 My eighth is in hen, but not in cock;
 My ninth is in winter, but not in fall;
 My tenth is in hammer, but not in maul;
 My eleventh is in three, but not in four;
 My twelfth is in fly, but not in soar.
 And my whole is the name of a bird. NIP.

PUZZLE.

I FISHED in the Thames this summer day,
 And drew from its depths, quite unaware,
 Four Biblemen who were buried elsewhere:
 Wonder of wonders! Who are they?

L. S. G.

MUSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. THERE is much musical — in the — family.
 2. Let us — in and hear —. 3. Oh! if — could
 but — again. 4. — deserves a — for his non-
 appearance. 5. I heard of — even in —. 6. Have
 you any music of — — ? RUTH.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Largentiere.—1. Kaboolosoo. 2. Lancaster. 3. Larraga. 4. Lages. 5. Lea. 6. N. 7. Ita. 8. Laino. 9. Lancend. 10. Landriano. 11. Junglebarry.

ENIGMA—"A new broom sweeps clean."

HIDDEN WORD.—Black-board.—Be—Ella—seek a bee—oh—aye—are—Dee.

CHARADE.—Chinchilla.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Conundrum.—1. C. 2. Rob. 3. Renew. 4. Regular. 5. Conundrum. 6. Beldame. 7. Warma. 8. Rue. 9. M.

PICTURESQUE ENIGMA.—Confectionery.

SEXTUPLE SQUARE WORD.—1. Olivet. 2. Lamina. 3. Impos. 4. Violet. 5. Enscal. 6. Tattle.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.—"Fast bind, fast nad."

BLANK SQUARE.—Mite, Item, Team, Emma.

REBUS.—Great men on both continents begun life poor.

PATCHWORK.—Love.

PUZZLE.—"Six young ladies:" Hannah, Ada, Eve, Anna, Bab and Nan. "Three lads:" Bob, Otto and Asa. Noon, madam, bub, sis, nun, tenet, peep, tot, gog, deed, minim, aha, eye, tat, civic, gig, tut-tut, level, bib, redder, toot, pip, pap, dad.

A PERFECT FIGURE-SQUARE.—

8	9	4	3	3	4	9	8
9	4	3	8	8	3	4	9
4	3	8	9	9	8	3	4
3	8	9	4	4	9	8	3
3	8	9	4	4	9	8	3
4	3	8	9	9	8	3	4
9	4	3	8	8	3	4	9
8	9	4	3	3	4	9	8

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—Wren—Lark.—

Cra—W L—ing.
 Fo—R A—gc.
 Cow—E R—dy.
 Tha—N K—ful.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER have been received, previous to August 18, from Harry M. D. Erisman, "Cassy," Freddie Bradley, "Jicks," Edward W. Robinson, Susie G. and Mary H. Wilson, Lucy R. and Sophie Johnson, Thomas Baldwin, "Mamie and Bessie," William A. Howell, "Hardnut," Eddie H. Eckel, Luha, M. Sutton, "Frank and Laura," Lizzie C. Brown, Carrie Wells, "Flo," Louise F. Olmstead, Harry C. Powers, Kittie Saintor, John S. Peckham, Henry C. Hart, S. T. Nicholas, Helen B. Fancher, Thomas J. De la Hunt, Mary M. Farley, Frank H. Burt, Mary C. Ayers, "Hattie and Ella," Clarence H. Campbell, Florence Palmer, Bertha Ferguson, Fannie D. Musgore, Carrie A. Johnson, Florence Graham, Edna H. Kiersted, Rebekah Yates, Nellie Du Puy, Gertrude H. Rugg, Florence Chandler, Willie and Dorah Bryan, Willie R. Collins, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Lucy A. Pryor, T. O. M., Ellen G. Hodges, Emilie L. Haines, William T. Roberts, A. C. C., "Hallie & Co.," Carrie Mairs, Sallie Bush, Mary L. Hubbard, Grace E. Rockwell, Emma C. Preston, Lewis C. Preston, Carrie S. Simpson, "Pond-lily," "Mignonette," Hattie Crane, Minnie Boyer, Mattie C. Haskins, David H. Shipman, Lillie T. Gray, Fred Worthington, Willie Boucher Jones, "Osgood," Worthington C. Ford, John Maryland, Joseph Frank Bird, Carrie L. Hastings, Edwin H. Smith, D. W. McCullough, Eddie E. De Vinne, Florence P. Spofford, Belle R. Hooper, Lulu and Willie Habershaw, Marion A. Coombs, Fannie Humphrey, Jessie O. Mallory, Grace G. Hiler, Fred M. Loomie, S. Walter Goodson, Georgie D. Clemens, Ida Crouch, Rose White, G. Davison, Cedar Hill (Tarrytown), "Claire," Fred A. Pratt, Oscar Hale, Mary Dimond, Bertha E. Saltmarsh, Jimmy Rogers, Mamie Irvine, Sarah J. Russell, Clara L. Anthony, "Oliver Twist," Hattie C. Smith, "Queen Pickaninny," Willie H. Frost, W. F. Bridge, J. Bridge, "Fan and Ted," M. C. Sherman, S. Young, Nellie S. Colby, James Sherwood, Johnnie Sherwood, May Brodnax, M. C. G., Susie E. Avery, George B. Crow, Carrie R. Leake, John S. Adriance, Isaac Adriance, M. N. McElroy.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE we are again, dear young folks, and this time on the very threshold of a new volume. Good! We shall be old friends soon. Meantime, it's the same old Jack who speaks to you, though the editors say they've a better picture of me this time than they had before. Well, well—whether it's the born, living image of me or not, I'll say this: I'm your own faithful, loving, Jack-in-the-Pulpit,—in rain or shine, yours to command, and may we honor and help one another to the end!

What shall we begin with to-day? Ah! I know:

TROWBRIDGE AND THE DROWNING BOY.

DID you ever hear about it, my children? The little bird who told me said he was sure Mr. Trowbridge would n't be willing to have it mentioned, but I can't help that. He had no business to do it, then. Besides, the boys and girls will forgive him, if he is so very much ashamed of it.

You see, the boy had broken through the ice, where the river (the Mystic River, in Connecticut) was sixty feet deep and the current fearfully strong. Men and boys stood at a safe distance looking on; but what could they do? The ice would n't hold, and there were no boats at hand. Trowbridge—"Jack Hazard" Trowbridge—heard the boy's terrified screams, and ran to the spot. He saw the little head bob under, saw it come up again, heard one shriek from the poor boy, and that was enough. With a couple of light boards torn from an old fence, he went out after him. But the ice was so thin that it sank beneath him, boards and all. The crowd shouted to him to come back; and he did.

But he brought the boy with him, safe and sound, and then went home and put on dry clothes.

The Massachusetts Humane Society awarded Mr. Trowbridge a large silver medal for this brave act; but, though he no doubt appreciated their motives

in doing him this honor, I'll warrant you the sight of that rosy little chap, running about alive and well, was worth more to him than all the medals in the world.

THE TORRICELLIAN TUBE.

THE pretty schoolmistress, in talking to the deacon the other day in our meadow, looked up at the cloudy sky and quoted a verse of poetry—something about something

"—from scale to scale,
Mounting amidst the Torricellian tube."

Now, what *did* she mean, my children? What is a Torricellian tube, and how did any tube ever get such a name as that?

THE WHISTLING-TREE.

DID ever you hear of such a tree? I have, for the birds tell me everything.

The whistling-tree is found in Africa. It is a strange-looking object, with branches white as chalk. It has long thorns, the inside of which is the favorite home of some tiny insect. When this creature crawls out to see the world, he of course leaves the door open behind him—that is to say, a small hole, through which he crawled. Now, the wind blowing through the tree when the leaves are off, makes a musical noise in these hollow thorns, so that it sometimes sounds like thousands of flutes playing at once. The natives call it the whistling-tree.

We've a whistling-tree in our meadow, but it isn't of the African kind. It bears boys, with cheeks as red as peaches. I've heard half-a-dozen of them whistling in it at a time. And they come down out of it with their hats full of wild cherries.

GOURDS AND PUMPKINS.

TO-NIGHT I counted five sorts of gourds that I've heard about. Mock-oranges, bottle-gourds (a sort that is turned to many useful purposes, and that you country children like to use for play-things), summer and winter squashes, and pumpkins. Did you ever think when you were tasting a nice baked squash or delicious pumpkin pie, that squashes and pumpkins were a sort of gourd?

AN IRON-CLAD RAT'S NEST.

THE pretty schoolmistress stopped by the stump and read a very wonderful thing, one fine day in July, to the children who were going with her to look for cresses at the brook—so wonderful, that I'm going to ask the editors to get the same magazine and copy the story out for you. The story was told by Professor Silliman, and it came to him in a private letter from a friend. This friend was part owner of some property on the Oregon coast containing a saw-mill which had never been set fairly at work. Close by was a dwelling-house for the hands, and when they cleared out for lack of work, a quantity of things were stored there—tools, packing for the engine, six or seven kegs of large spikes, besides, knives, forks, spoons, etc., in the

closets, and a great stove in one of the rooms. (Now the editors will please add the rest of the story; and you, my dears, will please bear in mind that the writer is talking about the California wood-rat):

"This house," he says, "was left uninhabited for two years, and being at some distance from the little settlement, it was frequently broken into by tramps who sought a shelter for the night. When I entered this house I was astonished to see an immense rat's nest on the empty stove. On examining this nest, which was about five feet in height, and occupied the whole top of the stove (a large range), I found the outside to be composed entirely of *spikes*, all laid with symmetry so as to present the points of the nails outward. In the center of this mass was the nest, composed of finely-divided fibers of the hemp packing. Interlaced with the spikes, we found the following: About three dozen knives, forks and spoons; all the butcher-knives, three in number; a large carving-knife, fork and steel; several large plugs of tobacco; the outside casing of a silver watch, disposed of in one part of the pile, the glass of the same watch in another, and the works in still another; an old purse containing some silver, matches and tobacco; nearly all the small tools from the tool-closets, among them several large augers. Altogether, it was a very curious mixture of different articles, all of which must have been transported some distance, as they were originally stored in different parts of the house.

"The ingenuity and skill displayed in the construction of this nest, and the curious taste for articles of iron, many of them heavy, for component parts, struck me with surprise. The articles of value were, I think, stolen from the men who had broken into the house for temporary lodging. I have preserved a sketch of this *iron-clad* nest, which I think unique in natural history."

TURNING A DESERT INTO AN OCEAN.

WHAT'S this the bees are buzzing about? It can't be true, and yet if my senses did n't deceive me, I heard one of them telling it to the clover this very morning. It was quite lost on the clover. He ought to have told it to the Ethiopian Calla in the garden. She would have appreciated it. The fact is, there's a rumor that the great African desert of Sahara is about to be turned into an ocean—that is, not right away, but as soon as matters can be settled in regard to it. I don't know exactly *why* they want to do this, but there's some good reason for it, you may depend. The French engineers have been holding counsel on the matter, and they say the thing can be done.

Just look into this business, my dears. Ask your fathers and mothers about it. Such things don't happen every day.

COULD IT OR NOT?

"It could n't do it, I tell you," said the man.

He and his companion had been walking briskly across my meadow; now they paused directly in front of me.

"But, my dear fellow," said the other, raising his voice, "I ought to know, for it sprang at me—don't you understand?"

"Yes, yes," answered the "dear fellow," "and so I should hardly blame you, my boy, if you thought the creature leaped sixty feet in the air and came down like a rocket-stick; but, you see, the thing's impossible; a rattlesnake never springs further than the length of its own body—you may bet your life on it. The end of the tail acts as a sort of pivot. They lie curled up like a spring, with head raised from the center. When the head shoots forward to strike, it goes exactly as far as the snake's length—no further. I've seen 'em dozens of times, and poked at 'em with a pole from

a safe distance. When they're not disturbed, they lie in the sun, limp and amiable as you please; but just touch them, and presto! comes the rattle, the warning and the spring, before you can say Jack Rob——"

"Ned," said the other, shaking his head as they passed on, "that's all true enough, but I tell you the fellow sprang more than twice his own length when he made for me."

"All right," laughed Ned, silenced but not convinced, "and I'll warrant you sprang six times your own length."

Now, setting good manners aside, which of these two was right?

BEWARE OF THE JINNEE!

A TRAVELED bird has told me about the Jinnee of Eastern mythology. It is a sort of genius, or demon, or sprite, among the Mohammedans, and it is said to have a transparent body, and to possess the power of assuming various forms.

Not a very pleasant individual to have around, I should say; and yet, now I think of it, it seems to me that we have something very like the Jinnee in this country. It gets into boys and girls sometimes, and puts on all sorts of shapes. It has various names, I understand, such as Affectation, Humbug, Hypocrisy, etc., and people *always can see through it*. Dear me! I don't like to think of this Mohammedan myth being so near home. Let's get rid of it! Let's scatter its thin body to the four winds! Let's all draw a good, honest breath, and blow it higher than a kite!

SOMETHING FOR THE BIG FOLKS.

THE other day, the minister came through the meadow. Of course his wife was with him, for they take a walk together every day. Nearly always, as I have already told the children, they sit down to rest on the big stump at the left, and then he generally reads her something. This time he took out a little scrap of printed paper, and after putting on his glasses, said:

"Here's an extract from a letter, Sarah, that I thought would please you. It was written by Dr. Channing in his old age to a dear friend in England—and, do you know, it quite reconciles me to growing old?"

"Read it, dear," said Mrs. Sarah.

And he read:

I rejoice with you in your improved health and spirits. Both of us, I suppose, are doomed to find the body more or less a burden to the end of our journey. But I repine not at the doom. What remains to me of strength becomes more precious for what is lost. I have lost one ear, but was never so alive to sweet sounds as now. My sight is so far impaired that the brightness in which nature was revealed to me in my youth is dimmed, but I never looked on nature with such pure joy as now. My limbs soon tire, but I never felt it such a privilege to move about in the open air, under the sky, in sight of the infinity of creation, as at this moment. I almost think that my simple food, eaten by rule, was never relished so well. I am grateful, then, for my earthly tabernacle, though it does creak and shake not a little. * * * * * The habit which I have of looking at what is interesting and great in human nature has no small influence in brightening my life.

The sun was setting as the minister put up the paper; so, nodding cheerily to his wife, he proposed that they should "move on."

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

(Arranged for parlor representation by G. B. BARTLETT.)

Four *tableaux vivants* and two pantomimic scenes accompany the reading of the piece by a concealed person.

CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, ETC.

THE MISTRESS, in neat and tasteful home-dress.

KITTY, calico skirt, rather short; loose, short sacque; sleeves rolled up to elbow; very large, heavy shoes; apron.

FING WING, short full trousers, white stockings, black short frock, very long cue, face stained with ochre, long pointed pasteboard toes sewed on to slippers. His finger-nails can be lengthened by means of tinted tissue paper pasted on.

GROCER'S BOY, straw hat, trousers rolled up slightly, vest and shirt-sleeves.

Table, three chairs, clothes in basket, table-cloth, ironing blanket, irons-holder, market-basket, three paper packages, brown paper, box, pan, mop, dish of apples, knife, two trays, and a quantity of cracked and broken china for the "crash" in scene ii.

(R stands for right side; L for left side.)

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.*

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' did n't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the



day I iver left the owld country! to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listenin' than drawin' your remarks) an' is it mysel', with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furinner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any

other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, is n't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says, kind o' shcared, "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yellor it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trousers and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hanging down from it behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was upstairs afore you could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythings and taitch 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser. Ann Ryan, I could n't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up 'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, an' he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin' wid drum-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I cud die. An' did n't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a-foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirity baste! But the worst of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be distracted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' my shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me mindivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven could n't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I did n't. Did n't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a-spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands

* Originally published in "Etchings" in *Scribner's Monthly* for January, 1871.

forneest her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name ner any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You wont," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she gave me such sass as I cudent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

As the concealed person who reads the above, aloud, goes on without interruption, each scene must be arranged in time to allow the curtain to rise and fall at the words designated. Of course, these scenes may be varied according to the wit and discretion of the actors as far as the allowed time will permit; but the following directions, after having been practically tested, are offered as a guide.

SCENE I. (*tableau vivant*) opens at "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty!" Mistress stands at center pointing out Fing Wing (R) to Kitty, who is washing dishes at table (L). She holds up her hands in horror. Closes at "Set eyes on."

SCENE II. opens at "Imitating that sharp." Kitty enters at L with a trayful of crockery, Fing Wing following at a short distance behind, laden in the same manner. He imitates her gait as nearly as he can, and when she stumbles and drops her china, he does the same immediately. Closes at "Bad luck to him."

SCENE III. opens at "And did n't the crayture offer to help." Fing Wing at the ironing-table (R), folding down the table-cloths "as innocent as a baby." Kitty (L) is watching him with intense disgust.

SCENE IV. opens at "Tinder feet." Fing Wing sits on table center peeling apples, his feet, from which he has taken off his shoes, are in a chair in front of him. Closes at "Paylin' anything."

SCENE V. opens at "Saturday mornin'." The mistress stands at center, Kitty at L, with broom; and the action must be in unison with the reading. Enter Grocer's Boy with basket (R). Fing Wing enters (L). At a motion from the mistress he takes basket from the boy, carries it to table (L of center), and, taking a little very cautiously from each paper, wraps up the groceries, which he slyly conceals under the blanket after filling "the bit of a box" with them. Kitty seizes the box; a struggle ensues, which the mistress interrupts; both gesticulate according to the text. Then the mistress points to the door, through which Kitty, after hurriedly and angrily making up her bundles, and seizing her bonnet from a peg and putting it on, marches out with great dignity. Fing Wing stands (L) in attitude of triumph, with his arms and hands outspread, as the curtain falls.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DR. HOLLAND'S beautiful lullaby, in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, is printed with the author's permission from the advance sheets of his new book, "The Mistress of the Manse," soon to be published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., of New York.

"ORIOLE."—You and all other young folks are welcome to write to the Letter-Box, whether subscribing to ST. NICHOLAS or not. We look upon every boy and girl who can read English, or look at a picture, as belonging in some way to ST. NICHOLAS. Yes, you may join the army of Bird-defenders, too, provided you are resolved to keep the requisite pledge, even though you never expect to buy a copy of the magazine.

As for printing your letters, that is another thing. One entire number of the magazine scarcely would hold half the letters that come to us every month. We therefore must, as far as practicable, select those of the most general interest; but we make no distinction between the writers who "subscribe" and those who do not.

M. C. P.—Your "Return of Spring" might be worse, and it might be very much better, without making it specially conspicuous as a poetical production. "The Heir at Law" was written by Coleman. The "History of England" is Macaulay's only large historical work.

New York, August 18, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Over the signature of "Aldebaran," in the September ST. NICHOLAS, I find a very clear and complete description of diamond puzzles. But "Aldebaran" errs a little in crediting. His second example was not invented by "Ernestus," but is after the manner of "diamonds" that were in use long before "Ernestus" even thought of that career in which he subsequently won so many admiring disciples. The puzzle in question was sent to a contemporary publication, more as a protest against the then prevalent (but incorrect, and what "Aldebaran" calls the simple) way of making "diamonds" than as any new or original idea.

"Aldebaran's" third way is original with an equally well-known puzzle, "Rusticus," a friend of "Ernestus."

The fourth and best style, the "double-reversible" ("Aldebaran's" own), is certainly very unique and ingenious.

May I ask the pleasure of his acquaintance. And also may I make your handsome and interesting magazine the medium of re-linking the broken chain of past friendships with all my old puzzle-friends? Please say yes.

With many cordial wishes for ST. NICHOLAS' welfare,—I remain, yours sincerely,
"COLLEGE."

LEO C. B.—The novels of which you speak are popular; but in reply to your inquiry whether or not they are good for a boy of fourteen to read, we answer, they are not. Their humor is not refined, and their atmosphere throughout is feverish. You will be glad to find a story by C. A. Stephens, running through this and the December number of ST. NICHOLAS.

N. P., who may or may not be bribed by an association of doctors and dentists, sends the following recipe for making sugar-candy. His excuse is that the result of trying it will be a candy far better, purer, cheaper and healthier than that which is often purchased in the stores. Our excuse is that it may afford the boys and girls a candy-making frolic or two on winter evenings, and enable them practically to taste the satisfaction of doing something for themselves.

SUGAR-CANDY.—One and a-half cups granulated sugar, one cup of water, tea-spoonful of vinegar. Boil gently over a steady fire, without stirring, removing the scum which rises. Try it in a cup of cold water to see if it becomes brittle as it cools. When this occurs remove it from the fire, add the juice of lemon, or any essence to flavor it, and pour into buttered pans to cool. Stick into the candy while cooling English walnuts, neatly taken from their shell. Roasted raisins, or the meat of any kind of nut may be used instead of the English walnuts.

The candy can be pulled if desired. If stirred while boiling it will harden into sugar, like the frosting of cake.

LULU CONRAD and others, who ask questions concerning Mr. Trowbridge, and "want to know just how he looks," will be glad to learn that *Scribner's Monthly* for November contains a portrait of their favorite, and a brief account of his life up to the present day.

To-day, as you all know, Mr. Trowbridge is writing a grand new serial for you, to begin in the January number, while Miss Alcott is as busily writing a beautiful serial story, which will also begin with the new year.

FOOLSCAP PAPER.

HARRY D.—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Here are various replies to your query in our September Letter-Box:

DEAR EDITOR: In answer to Harry D.—'s question, I send the following, which I have copied from a book of Anecdotes, compiled by Henry Hupfield:

"Foolscap.—The origin of this term, as applied to a certain size of

writing-paper, came about in this way: When Oliver Cromwell became Protector he caused the stamp of the 'Cap of Liberty' to be placed upon the paper used by the Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., he—the king—had occasion to write certain dispatches, and some of the Government paper was brought to him. On looking at it and discovering the stamp, he said, 'Take it away: I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap.'

I have often observed on a certain kind of foolscap a head crowned with a "liberty cap," and I think that probably it is much like the one mentioned here.

H. C.

Cambridge, September 5, 1874.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE ST. NICHOLAS: Harry D. wanted to know the meaning and origin of the term "Foolscap Paper." I think I can tell him.

In Queen Anne's reign, certain duties were imposed on all imported paper. Among the various kinds was mentioned the Genoa "foolscap." The word is a corruption of the Italian *foglio capo*, meaning a full-sized sheet of paper. *Foglio* (leaf) is from the Latin *folium*. It appears in the French as *feuille*. My information is taken from Graham's "Book about Words."

ALICE M. W.

LURA FREEMAN, MINNIE WATKINS and CARRY MELVIN send substantially the same answer to Harry.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: In a very useful book called "Fireside Philosophy" may be found the following:

"It is said that the term 'Foolscap' is derived from the fact that Charles I. granted to certain parties a monopoly of the manufacture of paper, and every sheet bore in water-mark the royal arms. But the Parliament under Cromwell made jests of this in every conceivable manner, and ordered the royal arms to be removed from the paper and the fool's cap and bells substituted. Of course these were removed after the Restoration; but paper of the size of the Parliament journals always retained the name of 'foolscap.'"—Yours,

Toledo, O., August 25, 1874.

HENRY SHERRING.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD, LIZZIE LANING, GRACE WINANS, LYDIA W. C., JOHN W. P., WALTER C. PIERCE and "LITTLE PIP" agree with Henry Sherring; and LOUISE F. OLMSTEAD explains that "the water-mark in paper is produced by wires bent into the shape of the required letter or device, and secured to the surface of the mould."

Now who can tell why it is called a *water mark*?

"NIMPO."—Yes, the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS will put your name on their Roll of Honor, if you send them subscribers. They consider every boy and girl who helps ST. NICHOLAS now, in the early part of its existence, as one of the "Founders of the Magazine."

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRLS: Bertie L. and Louise L. S., M. A. F. and others who ask for a "good piece to speak in school."—How will this true story by J. Bellamy answer your purpose? We find it in Sheldon's Fourth Reader:

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

A man once built a light-house,
And he built it on a rock,
And he boasted it should bear unscathed
The storm's severest shock;
"Of engineers I'll be," quoth he,
"The proudest and the first;
There stands my work, and it shall stand—
The waves may do their worst."

And stand it did, amid the sea,
Amid the shifting sand;
A fairer work to look upon
Ne'er came from mortal hand.
Forth went the word! the winds arose,
The waves came thundering on,
At sundown it was standing—
The day broke—it was gone!

Another engineer then came,
A wiser, humbler man,
One who revered his Maker's word,
And loved His works to scan:
He stood before a forest oak,
And marked its structure well;
He saw its slowly tapering height,
Its bold descending swell.

He gave it thought, he gathered hope,
And, like a brave man there,
Felt it no shame to bow his heart
In thankfulness and prayer.
To work he went, and this he graved
Upon the first-laid stone,
"Man may build up: the strength to stand
Must come from God alone."

Slow rose the work, but safely slow,
Firm as the rooted oak;
Day after day, storm after storm
Above that light-house broke:
At last came one, and seamen said,
While yet they saw it loom,
'If it stands this, why, it will stand
Until the day of doom."

The storm passed on, long years are gone,
The engineer sleeps well,
And still around that light-house tower,
The eddying billows swell;
And many a tar, from many a land,
Through many a stormy night,
Still breathes a prayer for him that reared
That heaven-protected light.

Nebraska City, August 2, 1874.

DEAR BOY WHO WANTED TO KNOW HOW TO MAKE ONE: I am now prepared to answer your question, "How to Make a Man-Kite?" I will describe it as given some time ago by our friend Mr. Haskins in the *Hearth and Home*. I also send a careful copy of his picture. To make a kite four feet high it takes three sticks,—one four feet long, set upright to reach from the bottom of the jacket to the top of the hat, and two crossed so as to go from each shoulder to the corners below the vest pockets. You then put your string around the whole by securing it to the ends of these sticks, and the frame is made. Now cover with thin cloth,—or paper-muslin is the best,—and almost any body will paint an old man's head and body for you, if you're a little boy. Next make the legs and arms of bunting. Bunting, you know, is the loosely-woven material that flags are made of, and is very light and open. These legs and arms are open at the place where the hoops on which they are made join the kite, and when up will be filled out with air. His legs should be fastened to the bottom of the kite, and his arms at each side.

Now I guess the boys can make one for themselves with the help of this picture.

CARLOS E. SWEET.



THE answer to Henry Steussi's puzzle was crowded out of the October Letter-Box. It is: The two trains will meet exactly at noon half-way between the two stations. Leonard M. Daggett, Irving W. James, Edward W. Robinson, E. W. D., F. O. Marsh, R. B. C., D. P. L. Postell and G. Edmund Waring have answered the puzzle correctly.

TO CLEAN SHELLS.

EDWIN S. BELKNAP's query, as to how he should polish his shells, is answered by many readers. Minnie Russell advises him to rub them with diluted muriatic acid. "Subscriber" says, "Soak them in nitric acid and then rub them with a cloth dipped in the same substance" (but he warns Edwin that the strong acid is poisonous, and is liable to take the skin off of one's fingers). Wilford L. W. gives the following simple suggestions:

First boil them in a pot of weak lye, say five minutes. Rinse them in cold water; then rub them well with a dry cloth; afterward polish them with a woolen cloth and emery till they present a glossy appearance.

AND MILLY R. writes:

ST. NICHOLAS: I read in your September number that Edwin Belknap would like to know how to clean shells. I send you this that I have copied from an old book:

"To Polish Shells.—Many species of marine and fresh-water shells are composed of mother-of-pearl, covered with a strong epider-

mis. When it is wished to exhibit the internal structure of the shells, this epidermis is removed and the outer testaceous coatings polished down until the pearly structure becomes visible. It has been a common practice to remove the thick epidermis of shells by means of strong acids, but this is a very hazardous and tedious mode of operation. The best plan is to put the shells into a pan of cold water, with a quantity of quick-lime, and boil them from two to four hours, according to the thickness of the epidermis. The shells should be afterward gradually cooled, and then some diluted muriatic acid applied carefully to the epidermis, which it will dislodge so that it may be easily peeled off. Two hours are quite sufficient for such shells as the common mussel to boil. After this they must be polished with rotten stone and oil, put on a piece of chamois leather, and then rubbed with a flannel or nail-brush. After the operation of polishing and washing with acids, a little Florence oil should be rubbed over to bring out the colors and destroy the influence of the acid, should any remain on the shell; it also tends to preserve the shell from decay. The muriatic acid should be applied to the epidermis by means of a feather, and it should not be suffered to remain on the outside of the shell for more than a minute or two, and the greatest care should be used to keep the acid from touching, and consequently destroying, the enameled surface of the inside; indeed, some persons coat the parts of the shell which they wish to preserve from the effects of the acid with bees'-wax. Some conchologists prefer laying white of egg on the shell with a small camels'-hair brush to rubbing them with Florence oil."

MILLY R.

THE following names were crowded out of the list of translators of "Le Singe Favori," given in the October number: May Stirling, Margaret Christina Ward, Sally Gantt, Agnes Lyman Pollard, C. H. Anderson, Harry Neill, Minnie Pope, M. H. McElroy, Susie Elliott and George W. S. Howson.

"GENEVIEVE" would like to know how the game of Jack-stones originated.

MARY E. BALDWIN, GEORGE H. FULLER, LESLIE RICHARDSON, ROBERT W., HENRY C. S., "HIGH-SCHOOL BOY" and many others. — If it were possible either to print or to answer everything that is sent to the Letter-Box, you should find special notes for each of you in these pages; but, as it is, the editor can only thank you for your kind, cheering words, and assure you that your various requests shall be complied with as far as may be right and practicable. Not a word in your kind letters passes unheeded. We wish ST. NICHOLAS could double its number of pages; but, even then, we fear we could hardly do full justice to our eager, hearty crowd of girls and boys.

THE BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Hundreds and hundreds of young folks have already joined the ST. NICHOLAS army of Bird-defenders, and every day fresh names come

pouring in. New readers and old, boys and girls all over the land, whether subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS or not, are earnestly invited to join the ranks. As we do not wish any to pledge themselves to this cause without fully understanding it, we refer all who wish further information to Mr. Haskins' plea for the birds on p. 72 of ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1873, and to all back numbers of the Letter-Box. Meantime, we heartily welcome the following recruits:

Trenton, N. J., August 14, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please put my name and that of my little brother on your roll of Bird-defenders. We love the birds, and have a pet pigeon who had his wing cut off, but is now able again to fly. There are many robins and sparrows around our house, and we love to watch them and to hear them chirp and sing even if they do waken us very early in the morning. My brother's name is Elliott Verne Richardson, and mine is—Your friend,

KLYDA RICHARDSON.

Lynchburg, Va., July 31, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I approve of Mr. Haskins' pledge about the wild birds being defended. I have two little sisters, who say they will join this army. Fanny and Rosa Marrell are their names.—Your friend,

GEO. R. MARRELL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please add these names to the Bird-Defenders. Long may they wave!

BOYS.—William H. Terry, George E. Carpenter, Lines Groo, Jack Swery, James Newkirk, Willie L. Cox, David C. Winfield, Harry C. Loveland, Eddie Jessup, Eddie Boyd, William H. Bell, Charles Winfield, H. Wiggins, Richard Abbot, Robert F. Brown, Harry Ogden, Edward Dekay, Lewis Stivers, John Stivers, John Cowin, William Mullock, Squire Woodward, Ashabel Prent, Willie Henry, Willie Steveson, George Bull.

GIRLS.—Fannie P. Cowin, Laura Adams, Jennie Gaudener, Jennie Duryea, Ella Quick, Fannie Graves, Fannie Beyea, Allie Wickham, Mary Rogers, Eva Brett, Prue March, Flora Palmer, Katie Bell, Sadie Banker, Etta Sweet, Emma Miller, Millie Miller, Jennie Lord, Mimi Wickham, Jessie Harney, Birdie Harney, and all the girls in Middletown.

These names were gathered in two hours by me. My name is not in this list, but I am a Defender.—Affectionately yours,

Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y. JAMES B. COX.

AND here are more names:

Jake and May Bockee, Clifton B. Dare, Arthur L. Raymond, Isabel D. Raymond, Helen W. Raymond, Win. F. Raymond, Fred G. Raymond, Bertie S. Raymond, Alma G. Raymond, Ethel F. Austin, Harry N. Austin, Louie E. Austin, Allie G. Raymond, C. Finley Hersman, Emma Wetmore, William H. Wetmore, Hallie H. Boardman, Mary Louise Webster, Mary Ella Ritter, C. V. Bunner, and Lizzie Laning.

A great many more new names are in type, but are crowded out this month.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-one letters. My 26, 20, 27, 9, 11, 2, 16, 19 are marks or badges; my 11, 6, 18, 14 is a metal; my 4, 28, 12, 20, 24 is often thrown away, and yet it may cost thousands of dollars; my 15, 13, 1, 5, 23 is a bone; my 22, 29, 25, 8 was a politician of old; my 31, 29, 30, 17 is a toy; my 7, 21, 19, 2 is a color; my 23, 1, 7, 10, 3 is an animal. My whole is a proverb.

A. S.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

A CHILD at play, himself —
A youthful dreamer, idly —
All his powers in labor —
The life of man I —

H. B. F.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A number. 3. Measures of distance. 4. An abyss. 5. A consonant.
Reversed: 1. A consonant. 2. A snare. 3. A name. 4. The point of anything small. 5. A consonant.

CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a twist, and leave one of two of the same age. 2. Curtail to turn aside, and leave to affirm. 3. Curtail a confusion, and leave an infant. 4. Curtail one exclamation, and leave another. 5. Curtail unsubstantial, and leave to ventilate. 6. Curtail custody, and leave to contend. 7. Curtail necessity, and leave pale. 8. Curtail to hazard, and leave a wit.

W. H. G.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.



A CONUNDRUM PICTURE.



To each of the first three girls or boys who send the Riddle-Box the right answers to these sixty-three conundrums, before November 15th, we will present a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS. If none answer ALL correctly, we will send a book to each of the three who send the best three sets of answers—a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS to the one of these three who sends the best set. Please write on one side of the paper only. Number your answers, and give your full address. Send your answers to "Riddle-Box," ST. NICHOLAS, Scribner & Co., New York.

All of the following may be found in the above scene:

1. Two domestic animals, neither dogs nor sheep.
2. Something used for the safety of vessels.
3. Two-thirds of a measure in common use.
4. What Columbus decided to do when he discovered America.
5. Very short breathings.
6. What a doctor should do.
7. Something that Robin Hood carried.
8. What a photographer should do to his sitter when he spoils his picture by moving.
9. A flat fish.
10. A money-raising establishment.
11. Something that is often the best part of an oration.
12. Something between hitting the mark and missing.
13. A slang word for boldness.
14. Something that magpies often do.
15. A number of small swift-footed animals.
16. A prominent part of Shakespeare's "Richard III."
17. Something too often found in children's books.
18. What I would be if I were in your place.
19. Something lately abolished in the British navy.
20. Name of a popular modern novel.
21. An important part of the proceedings of Congress.
22. Something always present at a military parade.
23. A verb involving the idea of plunder.
24. An island off the coast of Scotland.
25. Something that every carpenter uses.
26. Nickname of a famous French general.
27. The last name of a great jumper.
28. Parts of cutting implements.
29. A president of Harvard University.
30. Where you come on your return.
31. What the man did who dined on mutton.
32. An implement used by shipbuilders.
33. A lender made famous by a modern English poet.
34. Something often used as a sleigh-robe

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| 35. Parts of a tree. | 45. A symbol of royalty. | 55. A common garden flower. |
| 36. A kind of butter. | 46. Part of a clock. | 56. Part of a carpenter's tool. |
| 37. Weapons. | 47. Gamblers. | 57. A projecting tract of land. |
| 38. Part of a railway. | 48. A number of fish. | 58. Parts of an American cereal. |
| 39. An edible mollusk. | 49. Something for dinner. | 59. A celebrated metaphysical writer. |
| 40. A delicious fruit. | 50. Scholars and flowers. | 60. An instrument used in shooting. |
| 41. Parts of a ship. | 51. A favorite essayist. | 61. Something often found in a paper of needles. |
| 42. Sacred buildings. | 52. A term used in music. | 62. All flesh. |
| 43. A ghost. | 53. A collection of stories. | 63. Annanias and Saphira. |
| 44. A part of every river. | 54. A noted American general. | |

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.



DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

THE diagonals of the square form respectively, a kind of sea-fish and a constellation.

1. A book of the Bible. 2. A mechanical contrivance.
3. To steal. 4. Love. 5. To recompense. 6. An arithmetical term. 7. An aperture. TYPO.

HISTORICAL CHARADE.

I CONTAIN only two syllables. Of these, my first implies plurality; my second sound health; and my whole is the name of a profligate earl, who was the third consort of a queen noted alike for her beauty and her misfortunes. He died insane, and in exile; and the beautiful queen, after being queen-consort of one country, and reigning sovereign of another, spent nineteen years in captivity, and was finally beheaded on the 8th of February, 1587. What was the earl's name, and of what queen was he the husband?

F. R. F.

A RIDDLE.

IN the days of the immortal George,
At Lexington and Valley Forge,
I hung behind.
But now, in modern feats of arms,
The swiftest ball brings no alarms;
And though my stroke no brother harms,
I victory find.
In fact, the game is up without me
(That's one thing curious about me);
But then, dear reader, it is true
I venture nowhere without you.

J. S. STACY.

SUBSTITUTIONS.

THE second (and third) omitted word in each sentence is formed from the first by changing the middle letter.

1. As — came running toward me, I shot him through the —. 2. In a — every — of emotion disappeared. 3. As he stepped out of the — a bullet — his —. 4. Let us not — with our — temptations. 5. — in the sale of fruit is dangerous, as — soon renders it worthless. 6. Do not — so at the — windows. 7. — down your hand and — the — dog. 8. The selections from "Lohengrin," at the —, did almost — me to Wagner's theory of music. 9. I gave — some of the — for breakfast.

CHARL.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

RIDDLE.—Thief.

ENIGMA.—Chrysanthemum.

ANAGRAMMATICAL BLANKS.—Glade, edge, gale, lagged, glad, dale, led, dell, all.

REBUS No. 1.—One ought always with zeal to undertake to improve, and to form or acquire just and excellent habits.

CLASSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Charon—anchor. 2. Zeus—Suez. 3. Typhon—Python. 4. Diana—naiad. 5. Pan—nap. 6. Mars—arms. 7. Shade—Hades.

DECAPITATED RHYMES.—Pirate, irate, rate, ate.

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. They—thy. 2. Rule—rue. 3. Spite—site. 4. Shaved—saved. 5. Glory—gory.

REBUS No. 2.—The vacant stare bespeaks a mind unhinged.

CROSS-WORD.—Stormy petrel.

PUZZLE.—Ham, Shem, Seth, Heth.

MUSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Genius—Seguin. 2. Drive—Verdi. 3. Parepa—appear. 4. Brignoli—broiling. 5. Braham—Brahma. 6. Haydn—bandy.

PICTURE PUZZLE.—



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER have been received previous to September 18 from Minnie Thomas, Lydia W. Conklin, "Tyro," A. P. Folwell, C. W. R., Mary S. Morrill, Marshall F. Wyman, Mamie L. Leithead, Willie L. Tiernan, Gertie Bradley, "Guilham," A. M. K., Thomas P. Sanborn, Valeria F. Penrose, Jessie Foster, Edward W. Robinson, Elvira Reumont, Archie Reumont, Katie Brayton, Maria Peckham, Mary E. Turner, M. D. C., Lulie M. French, Charles J. Gayler, Louise F. Olmstead, Wilford L. W., W. D. T., Rosa Roberts, Bertha E. Saltmarsh, James J. Ormsbee, "Neno and Nimpo," Minnie Watkins, G. F. M., Grace Winans, Alice G. Bull, "Subscriber," D. W. Kirk, Minnie T. Allen, Sallie Bush, "Alice," Arthur T. Randall, E. Marshall, Ray F. Dyer, Fannie D. Musgrave, R. B. C., Willie R. Brown, Carrie Melvin, Julia Dean Hunter.



WELL, well! It's getting to be cold weather at last. There'll be fine skating on the meadow before long. What shall we begin with this month—something new, eh? Very well. We'll have

SEA-SHELLS IN THE ANDES.

SEA-SHELLS have been found in the Andes mountains full 15,000 feet above the sea! When I first heard this I had *almost* a mind to declare that I did n't believe it. But it is never very wise to say that one does n't believe anything that's wonderful, without stopping to inquire further; there are so many wonderful real things that are true.

And this is true. My friend Hawk tells me that the great traveler and naturalist, Humboldt, picked up some sea-shells at that great height on top of the Andes. How did they get there? It is not probable that the ocean waters ever rose to such a height, but it is quite likely that the now magnificent Andes were once very low ridges beneath the sea, and that the great fires which are always burning in the heart of the earth and raging to get out, once raised up by a mighty effort the whole long and grand range of Andean mountains. So the sea-shells were carried up with the mountains high and dry as they are to-day, and the poor shell-animals wondered at the dreadful change, and sickened and died in the bitter, dry mountain air long, long ages ago.

THE WORLD ON A MOCK-ORANGE.

NOW, my busy young friends, in case any of you should come across a nice round, yellow mock-orange, I'll tell you what to do with it—provided your grandmother already has a good one in her stocking-basket. If not, you should give it to her, and get yourself another one. A canary-bird told

me that the way old ladies darned stockings was to put a big yellow ball in them, and then pick at them with a queer sort of a shiny steel bill; and though his description was n't clear, I knew what he meant. Well, you take your round mock-orange, and force a knitting-needle clear through it from the stem end, so that it will turn evenly on the needle. Then, with a blunt needle, you mark the grand divisions of the earth upon it—Europe, Asia, Africa and America (you see, I know them)—in just the right shape, and then you put in your oceans and islands, and what not, all complete. Next you go over all the markings with a camel's-hair brush dipped in red ink, or violet ink, India ink, or any water-color you choose, taking care to wipe the orange off instantly with a soft, damp cloth. The color will sink into the markings and leave the surface of the mock-orange clean. Then you have your globe complete. And you can make a little wooden prop, if you are ingenious, that will let your globe revolve on its knitting-needle or axis, at precisely the right angle. After awhile it gets dry and hard, and if you please you can go over the markings once more with a fine pen dipped in the proper color.

How did I know all this?

I heard a dear little girl telling another little girl—and “you can't think,” said she, “what real, splendid fun it is.”

JACK IS PUZZLED.

THIS very day the pretty schoolma'am was sitting on the stump in the meadow, reading aloud to two of the big girls something from one of Professor Doremus's addresses, when suddenly she came to a part where he spoke of “parallelogrammatic pieces of paper tinted with the hydrated sesquioxide of chromium.”

I heard no more. Fortunately, one of my birds came along just then and fanned me with his wing. I have n't seen the pretty schoolma'am since.

Now what in the world are parallelogrammatic pieces of paper tinted with the hydrated sesquioxide of chromium?

If they're nothing but oblong, squarish bits of yellow paper, I sha'n't mind it so much.

PREFERRED A FEATHER BED.

YOU know that the barn-swallows build their nests under the eaves, or sometimes among the rafters of barns. These nests are always built of mud, and, usually, neatly lined with fine hay or straw. But it seems that some swallows prefer a lining of feathers. A bird friend of mine found an empty nest, beautifully lined with fine white chicken feathers. Thinking the nest a curiosity, and not being a swallow himself, he pulled it carefully down. (He thought it was n't cruel to do this, because no eggs had yet been laid, but he was mistaken.) In a few days, he found that the swallows had built another nest in the same spot, and also lined with the same sort of feathers. So it is evident that at least this pair of swallows preferred a feather bed to a straw bed.

A GREAT SPREAD.

THE greatest show is not always the most substance. Of course, every one of us took great interest in the big comet that rushed past the earth in June and July last, flourishing a tail that astronomers say is millions of miles long. *Millions* of miles! Only think of it! And our little world is but a small matter of twenty-five thousand miles or so around!

Yet the great Humboldt tells you (I heard the schoolmistress reading it aloud) that the mass or substance of a comet probably in no case exceeds the five-thousandth part of the mass or substance of the earth,—that is, if the substance of comets were packed as closely together as that of the earth.

GIRL-STARS.

SPEAKING of comets, we inhabitants of the earth don't see so very many of them. Probably not more than one hundred and fifty have ever visited our world; but a great astronomer named Kepler once said that there are more comets in space than there are fishes in the sea!

I heard a little boy say, the other day, that comets were girl-stars, because they had long hair! I thought it was such a comical idea that I must repeat it. At the same time, the little boy ought to be told that all comets do not have long hair, or whatever else we choose to call the great cloud of vapor that streams from the comet's head.

The comet which we have all been admiring this summer was, as you know, a long-haired comet, or, as astronomers say, it had a very long, straight tail; but sometimes the tails are curved to one side or the other. There are a few comets that have two tails—or "brushes," as the Chinese call them; and some have had even more.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

AND speaking of China, I may as well tell you at once all I have found out about comets. Who do you think were the first to take observations of the comet's courses?

My friend Macaw assures me that it was no other than the "Heathen Chinese."

Long ago, when so-called civilized nations were frightened at every appearance of comets, thinking that they were only omens of woe and disaster, the diligent and learned Chinese astronomers declared that comets were another sort of star, and only came in sight of the earth when on their periodical journeys. These astronomers observed nature carefully, and recorded accurately what they saw, so that some of their notices, made five hundred years before the Christian era, are still found to be of value in astronomical observations.

ALMONDS AND PEACHES.

WHAT a difference education can make, to be sure! Not but that an almond is just as fine in its way as a peach, but then it is n't the same thing by a good deal.

That is, it is n't and it is.

The schoolmistress has been reading aloud out of a book written by a celebrated naturalist, in

which he plainly says that the peach-tree has been educated out of the almond-tree.

In the almond the large, sweet kernel, in its soft, smooth shell, is covered with a thin, dry, tough flesh that is not good for food. In the peach the small, bitter kernel, in a hard, rough shell, is covered with the thick, soft, juicy flesh, which you boys and girls think so delicious. And it is only education, or culture, or training with a view to improvement, that has made all the difference. Astonishing; is n't it?

Some almonds are most excellent, and I think you girls and boys would not like to see them all turned into peaches. You need not feel uneasy, however; the peach-almond at the start was a very bitter affair; miserable for an almond and worse for a peach. It needed all the bringing up it has had, to make it worth anything.

BONNET-PIECES.

THE other day, little Wallie Graham (a great favorite of mine) came skipping along among the trees, half-singing, half-saying:

My purse with bonnet-pieces store;
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.

I wondered what Wallie could mean, but I soon found out. It seems that he was reading the "Lady of the Lake."

"It's just the nicest story-poem you ever saw!" he said to a boy who was with him. "I wish I was a Highland chief and had a big brave clan like Clan Alpine! *Would n't* I fight King James, though?"

Of course I did n't even then know what Wallie was talking of, but after he had told his friend a good deal about it I became almost as much interested as himself in the story-poem, which he said was written by the great Sir Walter Scott.

"But," said Wallie, "there are ever so many things in the poem that I don't understand. Now, for instance, what are 'bonnet-pieces?' I know I would n't care to swim the length of a bow-shot in the face of enemies and loose a shallop (that's a sort of boat) for the sake of a purse full of pieces of old bonnets. Would you, now?"

The other little chap told him that he did n't think he would, but that he did n't believe real pieces of bonnets were what Earl Somebody meant when he offered as a reward a purse full of "bonnet-pieces."

The little fellows puzzled a good deal over this as they trudged along; but I've since found out that a bonnet-piece was a valuable coin, stamped on one side with a portrait of James V. of Scotland wearing a "bonnet"—not a lady's bonnet, but a nearly flat Scotch cap made of cloth. These were called bonnets, and were worn a century ago by every Scotchman, and are still worn by some of them. The cap which was pictured on the bonnet-piece being a royal cap, had a jeweled circle around the head. The coins were large and of very pure gold, so that a purse full of them was a large reward.

THE LAZY LITTLE BOY.

(Translation of French Story in October Number.)

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who was very lazy, and consequently very ignorant, whose faults it seemed impossible to correct. Instead of going to school, where his parents used to send him every day, he would loiter about the streets, with his hands in his pockets, his eyes staring vacantly at the empty air, or clapping his hands, whistling, and making a good deal of noise, without rhyme or reason. Or else, when he was compelled to go straight to school, he would yawn awhile over his books, without making the least effort to learn anything, and then, folding his arms on his desk for a pillow, he would lay his head down and sleep during the whole lesson.

One day, however, as he was squandering away his time in his usual fashion, an old sage found him, took him by the hand and led him into a large room, quite empty of furniture or ornament. The little sluggard was afraid at first that he was about to receive some punishment for his laziness; but the old man looked so kind that he gained confidence, and when he saw him smile he dreaded him no longer.

When they had entered the room, the wise man shut the door; then, turning to the little boy, who was very much surprised at all this, he said:

"Tell me, my child, if you can, what is *nothing*?"

The little fellow opened his eyes very wide, but did not answer.

"If you do not understand me," then said the wise man, "perhaps you can tell me *where* nothing is?"

"Where is it?" repeated the little boy, astonished at this question. "Why, it is here, is it not? There is nothing in this room besides ourselves."

"Think again," replied the sage. "I do not think you have answered wisely."

The little boy thought for several minutes; and then he said, with an air of confidence:

"There is nothing here besides ourselves; I am sure of it."

Without replying, the old man waved his hand. "What do you feel now?" he asked.

"Oh, I feel the wind," replied the little boy, laughing.

"That is to say," replied the wise man, "you feel the *air*. Now listen to what I am going to tell you. This air that you feel envelops or surrounds the whole earth. There is no place where it does not enter; for it is found everywhere. You see, then, that there can be no such thing as *nothing* in the whole world, since every place, and all the room, is filled up with something. It is the same throughout the universe. You will nowhere be able to find *nothing*; it is to be found only in one place. Do you know where that is?"

"Why, no," replied the little boy. "If it is not to be found in the world, I don't know, I am sure, where to look for it."

"Well, I will tell you. What were you thinking of before I spoke to you?"

"Why, nothing."

"Nothing! and why? Is it not, my child, because you know nothing to think about? because your head is empty? Oh, how many children are like you! Know, my son, that *nothing*, properly speaking, is only found in the brains of fools and the hearts of infidels? And since God has so well filled the world that there is no place where we may not find something good or beautiful, are you not ashamed to think that in your mind alone there is an empty space?"

The little boy did not reply, but he blushed for shame. He thought seriously about the matter; and from that day he ceased to be indolent or careless. He set to work studying with so much energy and perseverance that he became at last the most industrious and well-informed scholar in his class.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Sharon, Ct., Sept. 20.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: Is it wicked to kill snakes? Because I hope you'll say it is n't! In our back porch a pair of robins have for two or three years built their nest on a bracket near the top of one of the pillars. In this pillar, right over the robin's nest, there was a hole that looked as if it might have been gnawed through by a squirrel.

Every year we have watched the old birds feed the young ones, and have enjoyed the good times they seemed to have. And every year we have, one day, heard the old birds cry and fly about in great distress, and when we have rushed out we have found all the young birds gone.

Now, this year the robins built their nest and hatched the little ones just as usual. One day, our grandma was sitting out on the porch asleep in her chair, when she was waked by hearing the old birds cry and flutter about as if they had gone distracted. She looked up, and there was a great ugly black snake, with his head out of the hole in the pillar, just swallowing whole the last one of the little birds. Then

he drew his hateful flat head in, and that was the last seen of him. Father had the pillar taken down the next day, and a new one put in its place. The old one was found to be hollow all the way through, so that the snake must have come up from the ground through the hollow; but we could n't find anything of him.

If I ever come across that snake, I think it would n't be wicked to kill him. Would it? The poor old birds feel dreadful, you know.

Ever yours,

RICHARD B—

We think the vote of the Letter-Box would be in favor of killing this particular snake, for the sake of all future young robins who may be born near Richard's home. But we would not endorse the common belief that every snake must be killed, as a matter of course. Some snakes are perfectly harmless, and it is no more than fair to let them glide along their peaceful way, if only as an example to their brothers.

Washington, Oct. 1st, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to answer some of Jack's queries in the October number. In the first place, about October being the eighth month. It was so, I think, with the Romans, who began their New Year on the first of March.

And I also feel certain that the "Scotch Pig" spoken of is a kind of iron called "pig-iron." It is "carboniferous formation," and is exported to the United States in quantities.

Enclosed you will find a little "word hunt," I call it. I have succeeded in finding in the word CARPET eighty-four words, all in common use in the English language. I would like to see if any of your boys and girls can make more.

I love your magazine as much as ever, and about the sixteenth of every month I begin inquiring for it, and, when I get it, it is the happiest hour of the day.

I am going round this afternoon to get a small list of Bird-defenders for you if I can, for I do not know very many children. I will send it the next time I write.

Your loving and sincere friend,

FLORENCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will some of my fellow-readers please tell me how to make an aquarium? I would like to have it about twenty-eight inches long and eighteen high.

CHARLES S. MASON.

F. E. BASKS wishes to know "what occasions the formation of the small bubbles which may be observed on the inside of a glass in which water has been standing for some time." Who can tell him?

CHARLES COREY, of Washington, D. C., asks: "Why will paper when placed near fire turn brown and curl up?"

ONE AND ALL!—Somebody was born in Litchfield, England, September 18, 1709. He received his early education from one Hunter, of whom he said, "He beat me well." In 1737 he went to London, and wrote for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This, however, brought him but a small sum. One of his books was written to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. To use his own words, "It was written in the evenings of a week." He was very fond of his cat, Hodge, and would go out every day to buy oysters for it. Among other eccentric ways, he had a trick of touching the posts as he walked, and a mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel.

Both generous and benevolent, he made a rule to do some good every day. Among the many amusing stories related of him, we find that having been invited to a dinner-party, he failed to make his appearance until the party were about to sit down at the table, when he appeared at the great gate, contemplated it, and at length climbed it. When asked if he had forgotten that the gate could be opened, he said, "No; but I had a mind to try if I could climb a gate now as I used to do." From an entry made in his diary we find he read one book of the *Æneid* in an evening, and knew the *Eclogues* by heart.

He died Dec. 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Who was he?

As some of our Boston friends have found fault with the article on "Ice in India," in the October number, we shall have something to say on the subject in our next Letter-Box.

THE verses on page 73 are from the German of the poet Hey, whose fables are familiarly known throughout the provinces of Germany, and are often recited by the Prussian children. He was born at Gotha in 1789, and died there in 1854.

K. B.—Thanks for the pretty jasmine. Your story with a long name, though fair for a first effort, is not suitable for publication in ST. NICHOLAS. It is rather too strained in style. In writing, first decide in your mind what you wish to say, and then say it as simply and clearly as possible.

W. F. writes: "I am at boarding-school, and my room-mate is rapidly going wrong. He has been drunk several times, and drinks in his room on the sly. How can I stop him? He does n't pay any attention when I speak to him about it. Had I better tell the principal and run the risk of having him expelled, or write to his parents? In either case I should feel like a sneak. I wish I could think of some better plan still."

"Another thing, I should like to ask. A boy borrowed my society

badge (worth \$10) last week, to wear for a little while, and lost it. Is it right to allow him to pay me all the money, as he proposes to do, or only part of it, and so share the loss with him? I know what I expect to do, but I would like to have your views, to see whether my idea is right or not."

We can hardly advise you with respect to your room-mate, excepting to say that if you believe it your duty to act in the matter at all, you will do wisely to choose that plan of action which will be the least likely to injure his self-respect, and that you communicate your intention, whatever it may be, to him, when you find him in one of his best moods, before you proceed with it. If you tell him firmly, respectfully and kindly what you are about to do, the necessity for you to act at all in so delicate a matter may be obviated by his reformation.

About the badge, we think the better course will be for you to tell the young gentleman who lost it that you prefer to halve the loss with him. It is etiquette amongst grown people, as you know, to overlook a loss incurred in this way, but between two boys the plan we recommend we believe to be preferable. It appears certainly so in this case.

MAMIE N. F.—Your letter has interested us very much, and we should depart from our custom and send you a full reply by post, had not a wise and good-hearted woman already written just the thing that you, and all children who feel as you do, should read. It fits your case exactly, dear little friend, though you may not think so at first:

SUPPOSE!

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And would n't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad 't was dolly's,
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And would n't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And would n't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say "It isn't fair?"
And would n't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world does n't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And is n't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or does n't come,
To do the best you can?

C. L.—Your verses are quite good considering your age. Beware of being too sentimental. God gives us some thoughts to hold and to live with, not to spin out in labored rhymes. That these thoughts will sometimes flash out, of themselves, in a true poet's verse makes them all the more sacred. Never start out to write about them.

OUR Doré picture on page 110 is from Cassell, Petter and Galpin's splendid edition of La Fontaine's Fables.

HELEN AND CHARLIE F. write: "We have a lovely head of Clytie on our parlor mantel-piece, and every now and then a dispute arises as to how the young lady's name should be pronounced. Will you please tell us?"

It is a matter of taste whether to anglicize the "young lady's" name, as very many well educated persons do, and call her *Cly-tee*, or to give it the proper Greek pronunciation, as if written, *Clis-i-a*. The rule for the pronunciation of Greek and Latin consonants is not hard to understand, and can readily be applied in this case. We give it in full:

Each of the three consonants, *c*, *s* and *t*, when preceded immediately by the accent, or itself ending an accented syllable, and followed by *ia*, *ie*, *ii*, *io* or *in*, commonly has the sound of *sh*, as *Portia*, *Clytie*, *Horatius*, *Phocion*, *Cassius*. *C* has the same sound when following an accented vowel and standing before *en* and *yo*; as *Mence-ceus*, *Licyon*, pronounced *Mene-sheus*, *Lishyon*.

Exception: When *si*, immediately preceded by an accented vowel, is followed by a vowel, the *s* takes the sound of *sh*; as *Hesiod*, pronounced *Heshiod*.

T, when preceded by another *t*, and commonly in the termination *tion*, has its proper sound; as in *Bruttii*, *Metion*, pronounced *Brut-ti*, *Me-ti-on*.

Z. J. J. AND OTHERS.—We do not expect each puzzle-solver to send answers to *all* the problems in the month's Riddle-Box. Henceforth, when any one succeeds in doing this correctly, we shall state the fact.

WORD-MAKING.

EDWARD DUDLEY TIBBITS sends us thirty-four words, in common use, made out of the word *ENLIGHTEN*, and challenges the boys and girls to find more.

IRVING W. JAMES wishes to know if any one can make more than one hundred and five words and proper names out of the word *PERPENDICULAR*. His own list, of 105 words, is correct.

JAMIE S. NEWTON makes two hundred and eight English words (no proper nouns) out of the letters in *PERAMBULATIONS*, and Minnie E. Stewart makes 235 English words out of the letters in *CUMBERLAND* using no letter more than once in the same word.

JOSEPH MORSE, JR., inspired by Arthur J. Burdick's "340 English words made out of the word *METROPOLITAN*," tried his hand, and now, out of the same word, sends us a neatly written list of 400 words, with an extra list of twelve words, from which we can draw, in case we find any in his long list unsatisfactory. He invites Arthur to "see if he can get any more."

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Hartford, Ct., September 14, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here are some more Bird-defenders who wish to join Mr. Haskins' army. Will you please to call us the Company "B," if that letter is not already taken? And oblige two constant readers of the ST. NICHOLAS.

LIZZIE M. KNAPP.

EMILY M. BULLARD.

GIRLS.—Emily M. Bullard, Lizzie M. Knapp, Mary C. Knapp, Frances E. Weidson, Ella Holcomb, Hattie Chapman, Lizzie C. Young, Jennie A. Sunderland, Annie W. Lester, Edith A. Lutz, Belle L. Lathrop, Carrie E. Brainard, Ida I. Thompson, Minnie B. Welch, Mabel Bundy, Lottie E. Smith, Louisa E. Heine, M. Annie Bostwick, Adelle T. Peck, Jennie C. Gale, Nellie Costello, Hattie Bill, Jennie L. Penfield, Clara Pratt, Sarah Goldsmith, Annie Riley, Mary Welles, Lizzie C. Wright, Jennie T. Pelton, Huldah H. Knolk, Julia E. Heublein, Prudey V. Townsend, Cora I. Nott, Hattie A. McKay, Mary J. Martin, Hattie R. Wade, Litta R. Heussler, Carrie Lillian Sykes, Lizzie O. Hatch, Florence Peltier, Carrie A. Humphrey, Lizzie E. Ranney.

BOYS.—William M. Smith, Frank I. Prentice, Leviat S. Knolk, Fred H. Williams, Moses J. White, Royal T. G. Brown, A. E. Richardson, Alfred Clay, Willis G. Braley, Harry W. Cushman, Charles H. Willard, Wilbur Hale, W. Goodrich, W. Poll, William Dunbar, Frank Forbes, Louis H. Hutchinson, Lewis Pease, George Senk, Edward Clay, Frederick E. Cook, Nathaniel K. Morgan, Albert N. Daniels, George C. Bill, Robert R. Henderson, Gussie H. Bullard, Frankie F. Clapp.

C. C. HASKINS sends the names of three more Bird-defenders—"a part of the Indiana Legion":

Charles W. Winsteadley, Chester Winsteadley and Hallie C. Parker.

SATIE SATTERTHWAITE, of Union Springs, sends the following names of friends who promise to be Bird-defenders:

Winnie Pierson, Emma Alverson, Minnie Durkee, Ellis Pierson,

Jeffie Catlin, Fred Chase, Therese Dulon, Estella Satterthwaite, Helen Ludlow, Lena Robinson, Anna Allen, Minnie Brando, Minnie Sutton, Eddie Yawger, Jimmie Hammond, Tommy Hammond, Mary Utt, Nellie Tompkins, Anna Mosher, Frankie Everett, Nellie Larmon, Belle Connor, Emma Howland, Nellie Shank, Dannie Catlin, Willie Yawger, E. Strawn, Willard Hoff.

CLARA T. FOSS sends the following list:

Mattie B. Locke, Eddie J. Thuring, Arthur R. Colby, C. P. M. Colby, Freddie M. Sawyer, Jerry O'Brien, John McDonald, Willie Dunn, A. E. Porter, Samuel Blake, Tracey Getchel, Charles Morrill, Robt. S. Fielden, H. W. Batchelder, Allen Risteene, G. C. Dearborn, Henry True, Mikel Quinn, Frank Dennett, Frank Lee, Eddie Clin, Eddie Duckworth, Willie Chase, H. L. Bailey, Olive B. Sanborn, Mary Brown, Flory E. Rose, Annie L. Bailey, Annie S. Bahan, Carrie Dennett, Mary Hessian, May W. Felch, Ida F. Tibbetts, Addie Rand, Millie A. Williams, Anna R. Carswell, Katie Hasett, Mary A. Learner, Nellie E. Jaques, Mary Cummings, Ellie Menen, Bridget Lanner, Barbara H. Pow, Laura Aldrich, Effie Lane, Lena Livingston, Nettie Morrill, Mary McNalty, Hannah Burk, Charles Nichols, Charles H. Miler, John Cullenane, Oliver W. Titcomb, George Lee, Willie Brooks, Mary L. Heritage, Carrie C. Chase, Lizzie E. Chase, Nellie H. Rowed, Winnie Cadieu, Etta R. Woodman, Jennie F. Jaques, Nellie Maloney, Hannah Maloney, Mary Hoggan, Susie M. Batchelder, Susie W. Brown, Susie E. Bagley, Mamie L. Tucker, Cora L. Godsoe, Mary McDonnell, Susie A. Osgood, Mary J. O'Leary, Susie H. Brown, Clara T. Foss, Carrie J. Greeves, Ann O. Conner, Maggie E. Connor, Delia Kline, Willie Locke.

ANNIE DE WAILE HANKS sends the following list:

Josie E. Purdy, R. A. Van Voorhis, Katie A. Demarest, Fannie M. Losee, Sarah Hill, Jeannette Seymour, Ella J. Rollins, Ida Vanhouten, Rebecca Tracy, Ettie C. Burge, Sarah E. Mott, Mary Conner, Gussie Bartholomew, Maggie Conner, Tillie Delacroix, Josie Watson, Lessie Curman, Addie Young, Julia Henderson, Annie E. Hanks, Cornelia V. Deal, M. H. Ganse, Bessie P. Ganse, Memie P. C. Stover, Jennie Stoppuni, Josie R. Halsey, Electa H. Spader, Florence H. Farrell, Josie Finkenaur, Geo. H. Bell, C. R. Burke, Walter Wright, H. W. Dunshee, Walter B. Styles, Frank Yeury, Jas. W. Campbell, Nicholas Schultz, Alexander Clark, Alexander Martin, Edwin J. Hanks, William D. Koster, James L. Hewlett, Joseph B. Carsa, Charles H. Styles, Andrew De Wilde, William Purdy, John Purdy, T. H. Cleverley, F. W. Ganse and Fred H. Ganse.

LILY F. CONKEY, of Chicago, sends the following list:

Alice E. Bates, Anna E. Ayres, K. L. Meech, M. A. Conkey, Nellie French, Mary Felton, Lilla Toscott, J. F. Brace, Grace Douglas, Mary L. Banks, Hattie A. Montgomery, S. B. Hambleton, Annie Schantlebury and Mary V. Edwards.

EDWIN S. BELKNAP sends these eight names:

Minnie Bunner, Maude Estes, Mattie Cole, Gussie Cole, Etta Cole, Lulu Carmen, Lulu Perry and Frank Carmen.

Besides the above, the following names have been received:

Eddie Aston, Laura E. Tomkins, Dwight Tomkins, George P. Way, Jr., Hannah J. Powell, Burritt J. May, Valeria F. Penrose, C. Finley Hersman, Clifton B. Dare, Augusta L. De Vinne, May L. Corsa, Grace Lurena, Jennie French, Lizzie French, F. O. Newton, Lizzie Laning, Fannie H. Smith, Charles E. Bush, Lillie D. Howe, Edith Howe, Winnie D. Wheeler, Hattie V. Wheeler, Emma G. Wheeler, Carrie A. Dana, Laura A. Wilson, Lillie J. Studbaker, Albert Rundell, Charlie Heller, Carrie Heller and Lulu Woodberry.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Hazel Blossoms, by John Greenleaf Whittier. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Fast Friends, by J. T. Trowbridge. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

What Might Have Been Expected, by Frank R. Stockton. Dodd & Mead, N. Y.

Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and Others in Neither, by Olive Thorne. Dustin, Gilman & Co., Hartford, Ct.

Grim's Fairy Tales (Chandos edition). London: Warne & Co.; New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

A new translation, by Mrs. Paull, specially adapted and arranged for young people.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales (Chandos edition). Same publishers. Translated and arranged for children by Mrs. Paull.

Heirs of the Kingdom, by Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith. Published by A. H. Redford, Nashville, Tenn.

Antony Brade, by Robert Lowell. Robert Bros., Boston.

The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines, by Mary Cowden Clarke. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

Moon Folk, by Jane G. Austin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

Roddy's Romance, by Helen Kendrick Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

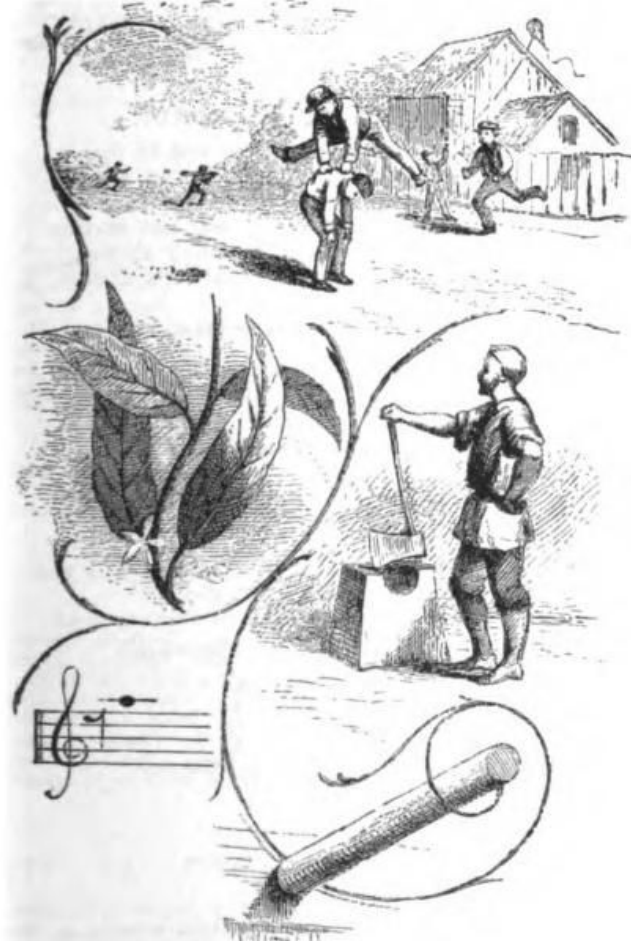
Risen from the Ranks; or, Harry Walton's Success, by Horatio Alger, jr. Published by Loring, Boston.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

LOGOGRAPH.

I AM composed of six letters. Unmutilated I give the name of a city famous for fruits—grapes especially. If you cut off my head, I express the language of a sailor when approaching land. Cut off also my tail, and I sound like the French word for an entrance. Cut off my head and tail once more, and I am French gold; then again my tail, and nothing remains; yet I utter a cry, though I never spoke a word in my life. F. R. F.

DOUBLE PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.



ANAGRAMS.

I.—ON OCCUPATIONS.—1. Rome shakes. 2. Our hats. 3. Ten pairs. 4. The races. 5. Come plain. 6. To ride.

II.—ON FLOWERS.—1. Name one. 2. Sour beets. 3. Ah, Lida. 4. Use margin. 5. Daniel nods. 6. I call. 7. Thy chains. 8. Ben raves.

III.—ON FRUITS.—1. Carts run. 2. A negro. 3. Pepin leaps. 4. 'T is a crop. 5. We learn most.

IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.—1. You name us still. 2. Sister, you could. 3. I depart on time. 4. Our frogden. 5. Is to linger. 6. Ma's own kin.

C. D., P. V. and R. G.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A form of the verb *to be*. 3. In advance. 4. Disloyalty. 5. One of the senses. 6. A deer. 7. A consonant.

H. C. G.

DECAPITATIONS.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded.

1. HE lost his — in trying to catch the —. 2. There is not a — on the whole —. 3. It was while trying to — that he broke his —. 4. He went to the — and — it up.

NIP.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

WITH a city, a lake and a cape, form a word-square containing only one vowel and two consonants. S. T. N.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen letters. My 14, 3, 12, 8 is part of a ship; my 10, 2, 11, 14 is a mate; my 7, 4, 15, 1, 9 is to find out; my 13, 6, 16, 9 is a stone; my 5, 3, 11, 4, 9, 5 is a tree. My whole is a well-known actress.

S. M. G.

THE DAY IN THE GROVE.—A Geographical Puzzle.

A PARTY of young ladies were seated in a shady (island in Mediterranean sea) grove. Presently they saw a man coming toward them, whom one, named (a city in Italy), recognized as her cousin (a river in North America).

(The river in North America) said he hoped this circle of charming and superior young ladies would allow him to join them. They assented to his proposal, but said that he must cease his (cape on Pacific coast of North America); and (one of the Southern States) saying he certainly needed refreshment, carried him a cup of hot (one of the East Indies) coffee, (a river in Africa), and (one of a group of islands west of North America).

When he had eaten, he began to tell a story of how he had been chased by a (lake in British America), at which the (city in Italy) was so frightened that she finally fainted away.

Then there was great confusion, and (cape on eastern coast of United States) in the company. But a young girl named (a city in Australia), sprinkled her poor friend with (a city in Prussia), while she told the others to keep up (a cape of Southern Africa).

It was not long before the (city in Italy) recovered, when (the Southern State) exclaimed, "How pale you look, my (river in Australia)!" And the (river in North America) begged her to take a little (river in South America) wine.

Very soon they all started for home, and on the way (the river in North America) tried to caress a large (island east of Canada) dog, who was following them, but so full of (islands east of Australia) was he to his young mistress (a lake in Central Europe), that he would allow no one to pet him but her.

Soon after, as they were going over some (mountains in North America) ground, (a river in Siberia), a little sister of (the city in Italy), fell down and cried loudly. (The Southern State) called her (a city in Hungary), but the (lake in Central Europe) comforted her, and promised to give her a (sea in Australia) necklace on her birthday.

Here (the city in Australia) drew her shawl tighter round her, complaining that she felt (a country in South America). They soon reached home, however, and having taken (a cape on coast of Greenland) of each other, and saying they had had a pleasant day, they returned to their several homes in (a city in New Hampshire) and peace.

M. F.

EASY REBUSES.



TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. THE ancient — were not always — as consultants wished. 2. A gate — has no — in purity. 3. He — that the artist — about beauty. 4. Charles Lamb loved to praise the — of a —. 5. A wise man will keep — from —. 6. — thou for a writer who so — to pride as to — his manuscript because he will have no — of — between his lines? 7. I hope his — will — — serv-ice.

J. P. B.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following for their signification, and get a complete square-word: 1. Anger. 2. A bet or pledge. 3. To pilfer. F. A. M.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD.

My first are in pear, but not in fig;
My next are in coil, but not in wig;
My third are in nose, but not in chin;
My fourth are in sleek, but not in thin.
Poets have oft made me their theme,
Lovely and sweet as an artist's dream. A. S.

EASY METAGRAMS.

FIRST I am an animal. Change my head, and I am a promise; again, and I am part of a vessel; again, and I am an adverb; again, and I tell what tugs do. Change my head and curtail, and I am a river. Behead me, and I am an exclamation. S. C.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—One story is good, till another is told.
BEHEADED RHYMES.—Amusing, musing, using, sing.
REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

S
TEN
MILES
FIT
M

CURTAILMENTS.—1. Twine—twin. 2. Avert—aver. 3. Babel—babe. 4. Aha!—ah! 5. Airy—air. 6. Ward—war. 7. Want—wan. 8. Wage—wag.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.—Sun-set.—

S—afe —S
U—nfortunat—E
N—c —T

HISTORICAL CHARADE.—Earl of Bothwell, Mary Queen of Scots.
A RIDDLE.—Queue, cue, Q.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUM PICTURE.—We shall print next month a report of the answers sent in, with award of prizes.

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|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Calves | 17. Dog's ears |
| 2. Buoy (boy) | 18. You (ewe) |
| 3. Two feet (two-thirds of a yard) | 19. Lashes |
| 4. Land | 20. The Hidden Hand |
| 5. Pants | 21. Ayes and noes (eyes and nose) |
| 6. Heel (heel) | 22. Band (on hat) |
| 7. Horn | 23. Fleece |
| 8. Re-pose | 24. Skye (sky) |
| 9. Sole | 25. Nails |
| 10. Bank | 26. Nap (Napoleon) |
| 11. Pause (paws) | 27. Patch (Sam Patch) |
| 12. Grazing | 28. Blades (of grass) |
| 13. Cheek | 29. Hill |
| 14. Hide | 30. Back |
| 15. Hares (hairs) | 31. Ate sheep (8 sheep) |
| 16. Crook | 32. A dog |

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.—Santa Clara.

S—pecifi —C
A—borigina—L
N—aphth —A
T— —U
A—corn —S

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Herring—Scorpio.—

H E B R E W S
D E R R I C K
P U R L O I N
C H A R I T Y
R E P R I S E
M I N U E N D
O P E N I N G

SUBSTITUTIONS.—1. Bruin—brain. 2. Trice—trace. 3. Hut—hit—hat. 4. Dally—daily. 5. Delay—decay. 6. Stare—store. 7. Put—pat—pet. 8. Concert—convert. 9. Him—ham.

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|--|----------------------------------|
| 33. 'T is distance lends enchantment to the view.—THOS. CAMPBELL | 48. Sheep's heads |
| 34. Bear skin (bare skin) | 49. Joint |
| 35. Limbs | 50. Pupils and Irises |
| 36. Ram | 51. Lamb |
| 37. Arms | 52. Rest |
| 38. Sleepers | 53. Tales (tails) |
| 39. Mussel (muscle) | 54. General wool |
| 40. Pear (pair of trees) | 55. Tulips |
| 41. Knees | 56. Teeth |
| 42. Temples | 57. Neck |
| 43. Shade | 58. Ears |
| 44. Mouth | 59. Locke (lock of hair) |
| 45. Crown | 60. Bow (bow on hat) |
| 46. Face | 61. Eyes |
| 47. Black legs | 62. Grass ("All flesh is grass") |
| | 63. Lying creatures |

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER have been received from Allie Neill, Lily F. Conkey, Minnie Thomas, Laura E. Tomkins, Russell F., Mary H. Wilson, Fannie H. Smith, and Louise F. Olmstead.